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*John THE Bulkeley*  
**Y O U T H ' S**

**MORAL AND ENTERTAINING  
INSTRUCTOR;**

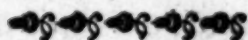
CONSISTING OF

SELECT ESSAYS,      || PLEASING NARRATIVES,  
HISTORICAL PASSAGES, || AND POETICAL PIECES.

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EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS.

EMBELLISHED WITH  
**ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.**

INTENDED FOR THE  
**Use of S C H O O L S.**



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Y O U T H  
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INSTRUCTOR





THE

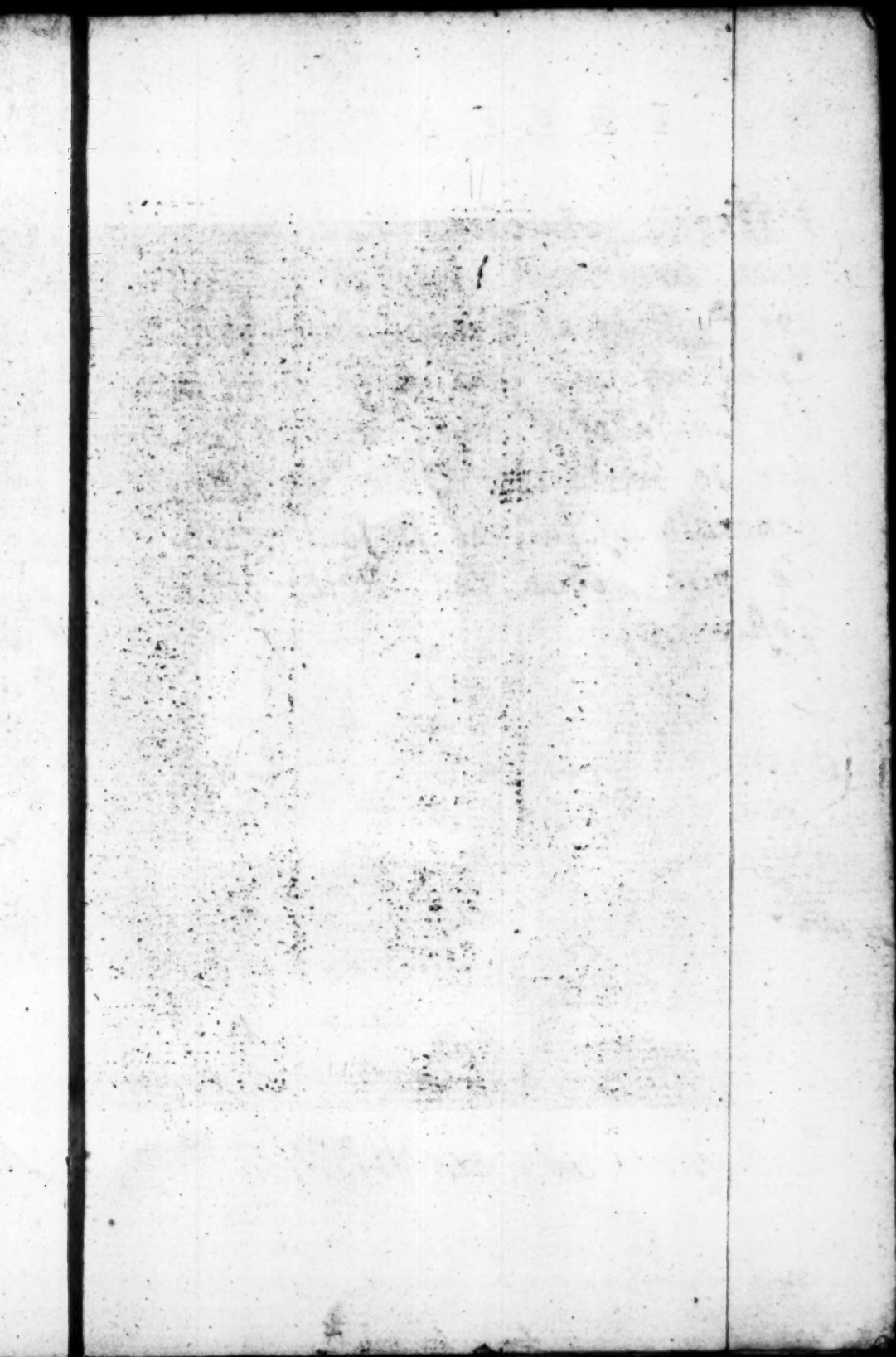
P R E F A C E.

*S*chool-Masters have frequently observed, that Children in general, are remarkably inattentive to their Lessons which they have to learn out of the Testament, or Bible. Though there are no Books so truly proper for their Instruction, yet there seems to be a want of Narrative in them to attract their particular Attention, which generally produces a greater fondness for Books of Histories, Tales, &c.

In this Collection we have endeavoured to select, Historical Facts, moral and entertaining Passages,

*Passages, Anecdotes, and Tales,*  
that are most likely to interest  
the Passions of Youth, catch their  
Imaginations, and enlist them in  
the Cause of Virtue; and in Or-  
der to make this Collection more  
generally useful, it is sold at lit-  
tle more than the Price of a  
Testament.

AN





*My Son, incline th*



*Incline thine Ear unto Wisdom.*



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# Roger Thompson Edwards

## AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands.

O'er forests, fields, and vernal-coated plains;  
The vestige of an ancient Abbey stands,  
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,  
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;  
And many a cherub, here, descends in dust  
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets oft frightened at the sound  
Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,  
Hurry to their source in secret caves profound,  
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,  
The nettle, or the noxious night-shade spreads;  
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,  
Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There a sage hermit, to the crowd unknown,  
His attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet;  
Sits musing on a monumental stone,  
And points to the memento at his feet.

Soon as the evening check'd day's sunny pride,  
I left the mantling shade, in moral mood;  
And, standing by his venerable side,  
He sigh'd, the mouldering ruins as he view'd.

Inexorably

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,  
 Here Time has pass'd---What ruin marks his way!  
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base.  
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay,

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,  
 That terminates the view yon cloister'd way!  
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,  
 Religion like, stands mouldering in decay!

Here Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,  
 Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,  
 Trod oft the solitary path that leads  
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey groves, betwixt those withering trees,  
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears  
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees.  
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!  
 Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;  
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade,  
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,  
 Where, mouldering in the nich, his statue stands;  
 Now nameless, as the crowd that kiss'd his vest.  
 And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,  
 The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;  
 As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,  
 The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah!

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,  
 His rights and rich domains extended wide!  
 That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,  
 And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,  
 And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;  
 Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,  
 Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,  
 Ravens and owls, the birds of discord dwell;  
 And where society sat sweetly crown'd,  
 Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,  
 The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!  
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,  
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,  
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,  
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,  
 "Philip, remember, thou'rt no more than man.

"Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole;  
 "Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;  
 "Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,  
 "Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,  
 (Ægypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)  
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,  
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

And

And as he rode, high in his regal car,  
 In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd!  
 Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,  
 Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cry'd---" This son of power,  
 " This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,  
 " May in the space of one revolving hour,  
 " Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd;  
 Where slaughter like the rapid lightning, ran;  
 And say, while Memory stains the blood-stain'd field,  
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd stones;  
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high;  
 Fortune confounds them with the crumbling bones,  
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,  
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?  
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,  
 Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Higher let Lux'ry lead her loose-rob'd train;  
 Here flutter pride, on purple-painted wings:  
 And, from the moral prospect, learn---how vain  
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things.







# T H E INSTRUCTOR.

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## HISTORY I.

**M**ENALCAS was old. Four score years had already bowed down his head. the silver hairs shadowed his forehead, and a snowy beard flowed over his breast. A staff secured his tottering steps. He had given his Children numerous flocks, and fruitful pastures. Full of tender anxiety, they strove to cheer his latter days, and repay the care he had taken of their tender years.

One day, as he was sitting at the entrance of his cottage, no one was with him but his grandson Alexis. The old man entertained him with discourses on doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. Tears of joy and tenderness bedewed the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man saw them with transport. You weep, my child, said he, surely my discourse, alone, could not cause those tears! There is something in thy heart, that makes them flow. The young shepherd, abashed turned  
away

away his face. --- At last, restraining his tears, I will tell you, said he, what has convinced me, that the satisfaction of doing good, is the greatest pleasure of our lives.

One of our sheep had strayed, I went to seek it on the hills; when I heard a voice. I crept towards the place whence the voice seemed to come, and I perceived a man. He took from his shoulders, a heavy burden; and, sighing, laid it on the ground. I cannot, no, he said, I cannot go any further. How full of bitterness are my days! Many hours have I wandered, loaded with this burden, amidst intense heat; and I can find no spring to quench my thirst, no tree, not even a bush, whose fruit can refresh me. I see nothing all around me, but frightful deserts; no path appears to lead me to my hut, and my tottering knees cannot support me longer. Yet, let me not murmur.--- Gods! you have always succoured me. Thus lamenting, he laid himself, exhausted, on his burden.

Then, without being observed, I ran with all my strength to our cottage. I instantly put into a basket, fresh and dry fruits, and filled my largest flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a peaceful slumber. Softly, quite softly, I approached him, set the basket and flagon of milk by his side, and hid myself at a little distance. He soon awoke. What a sweet refreshment is sleep! he said: then, looking on his burden. I will now try to carry thee further; for, hast thou not served as a pillow to my head? Perhaps, the gods will direct my steps, that I may soon hear the murmur of some fountain, or  
that

that I may find some cottage, whose hospitable master will receive me under his roof.

At the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the basket. The burden fell from his hands. ---Ye gods! he cried, what do I see? Alas! my want disturbs my senses! I surely dream. But, no, ---I am awake! What propitious power, hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the first drops of this milk; to thee I consecrate these two apples, the fairest in the basket. O vouchsafe favourably to receive my gratefull offerings! He then sat down, and ate, while tears of joy ran down his face. When he was refreshed, he rose, and offered his thanks, once more, to the power that had watched over him with so much goodness. Have the gods, he said, sent hither some beneficent mortal! May the gods bless him, and all that are his, and all that are dear to him! I am satisfied. I will take with me, these fruits, my wife and children shall eat of them, and bless with me, our unknown benefactor. He went his way, and I wept for joy.

I then ran till I had got before him, and sat down by the way through which he must pass. He came, he saluted me, and said, My son, hast thou seen any one in these mountains, bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit? ---I have met no one bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit; but how came you into this desert? said I, you must surely have lost your way: there is no way that leads hither. Alas! my child, he said, I did unluckily lose my way; and if some beneficent being had not saved me, I should have perished.

rished with hunger and thirst, on these mountains.-- Let me show thee the way, said I; give me thy burden, that I may carry it, and thou wilt the more easily follow me. --- After refusing me a long time, he gave me the burden; and I conducted him to the road.

THIS, my father, is what makes me still weep with joy. What I did cost me little trouble; yet every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me. How happy must he be, who has done a great deal of good! The old man embraced the youth, with the sweetest transports of pleasure. --- Ah! now, I shall descend, without regret, to the grave; since I leave behind me, in my cottage, piety and beneficence.

## HISTORY II.

**I**N the reign of Charles V. King of France, a gentleman named Aubry, passing alone through the forest of Bondy, was murdered, and interred at the foot of a tree. His dog remained several days on the grave, and did not leave it, till, pressed by hunger, he comes to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of his unhappy master; and by his howlings, seems to inform him of the loss he had sustained. After having eaten, he again begins his lamentations, goes to the door; looks back, to see if they follow him; returns to that friend of his master; pulls him by the coat, as if to signify to him to come with him. The singularity of the dog's motions; his coming without his master, whom he never used to leave; his master's having suddenly disappeared; and



and perhaps that distribution of justice, and events, which permits not crimes to remain long concealed; all this determined them to follow the dog. As soon as he came to the foot of the tree, he redoubled his cries, scratching the earth as if to signify to seek in that place. There they dug, and found the body of the unfortunate Aubry. Some time after, this dog happened to perceive the assassin, whom all historians call the Chevalier Macaire. He leaps at his throat, and is with difficulty made to quit his hold. Every time he meets him, he attacks and pursues him with the same fury. The unremitting ferocity of this dog entertained solely against this man, begins to appear extraordinary. They call to remembrance the affection he had discovered for his master, and likewise several occasions in which this Chevalier had given proofs of his hatred and envy against Aubry. Some other circumstances augmented the suspicions. The King being informed of all they said about it, ordered the dog to be brought: he appeared perfectly quiet, till perceiving Macaire among a number of other courtiers, he turns, barks, and strives to fly at him.

The King, struck by all the evidences which were united against Macaire, ordered a combat between the Chevalier and the dog. The lists were marked out on a large piece of ground. Macaire was armed with a large cudgel: the dog had a cask pierced for his retreat and attacks. They let him loose. He immediately runs; turns round his adversary; avoids his blows; menaces him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, tires him,  
and



and at length leaps furiously upon him, seizes him by the throat, and obliges him to confess his crime in the presence of the King and all his court; who sentenced him to receive a punishment adequate to the greatness of his crime.

### HISTORY III.

**T**HE Romans frequently ordered combats to be fought between criminals, and wild beasts. At one of these combats, among the most terrible of those animals, they remarked a lion, whose enormous size, dreadful roarings, and glaring eyes, inspired at the same time admiration and terror. A wretch enters the lists; the furious animal runs to seize his victim. He suddenly stops --- and quitting his natural fierceness, approaches him with an air of lenity, and gently moving his tail, like dogs which fawn upon their master; he comes and licks his hands and legs. The man caressed by this savage beast, by degrees recovers from his fright; and his spirits being re-animated, he attentively considers the lion, and recollecting him, caresses him in his turn with a transport of joy to which the animal answered in his manner. Such a strange event filled all the assembly with surprize and admiration: they applauded, they clapped their hands; and the emperor, who was present, ordered the man to be brought before him, asked him who he was, and by what charm he had disarmed that terrible animal? --- I am a slave, answered he; my name is Androclus. At the time my master was Proconsul of Africa, seeing myself treated by him with every sort of rigour and inhumanity,

nity, I fled; and to avoid pursuit, I fled into the deserts of Lybia. In the midst of those sandy deserts, I perceived a cave, where I went to screen myself from the scorching heat of the sun. Scarce had I taken refuge there, when I saw this same lion enter, whose gentleness towards me astonishes you, uttering plaintive cries, which made me imagine he was wounded. This cave was his place of abode: I concealed myself in the darkest part of the cave, trembling and believing myself at the last moment of my life; he discovered me, and came to me, not menacing, but as if he implored my aid, and lifted up his foot to shew it me. I found a very large thorn had run into his foot, which I pulled out; and being encouraged by the patience with which he suffered the operation, I pressed the flesh in order to squeeze out the matter; I wiped the wound, cleaned it as well as I could, and put it in a condition to heal. The lion eased of the pain, laid himself down, leaving his foot in my hands, and slept peaceably.

From that day, for the space of three years, I lived with him in the same cave, and on the same food, He went to the chase, and brought me regularly some parts of the beasts which he had taken or slain. I exposed that meat to the sun, having no fire to dress it. I was at length wearied of such a savage life, and while the lion was gone out to the chase, I left the cave. But scarce had I gone three days journey, when I was recollected by some soldiers, who took me into custody; and they have transported me from Africa to Rome, to be delivered to my master; and being condemned by him to per-  
rish

rish I expected death in the lists. I understand the lion was taken soon after our separation; and now, finding me again, he has rewarded me, for having formerly cured his foot. This relation ran quickly through the whole assembly, who with loud shouts demanded life and liberty for the happy Androclus. They granted him both; and moreover, made him a present of the lion.

#### HISTORY IV.

**B**OZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely, for many years, in the silken pavilions of pleasure; and had, every morning, anointed his head with the oil of gladness; when his only son, Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow, from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace; and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain. He, there, rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary head, and dashed the cup of consolation, that patience offered him, down to the ground. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, with unexpected anguish, and crushes his creatures in a moment, with irremediable calamity? I will continue no longer in this vale of misery. At that moment, he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed

with a dagger, to strike into his bosom---when, suddenly, thick flashes of lightening shot through the cavern, and a being, of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished caliph, and, said with a majestic smile, "follow me to the top of the mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor: "I am Caloc, the angel of peace; look from hence into the valley."

BOZALDAB looked, and beheld a barren, a sultry, and a solitary island; in the midst of which, sat a pale, meagre, and a ghastly figure: it was a merchant, just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find, neither wild berries, nor a single spring, in this uninhabited desert: and begging the protection of heaven against the wild beasts, that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel that he had collected, to make fires to affright them. He, then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, trembling, to an eminence, where he was used to sit at an evening, to give a signal to any ship that might by chance approach the island.

"INHABITANT of heaven! cried Bozaldab, suffer not this unhappy wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." Peace, said the angel, and observe.

He looked again; and behold; a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had he received the jewels, than he held a  
C. consultation



consultation with his crew; and they agreed, to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same lamentable condition, in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

“Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised? exclaimed Bozaldab.”---“Look again, said the angel, and behold the ship, in which thou wished the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe, in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied, shall be taken from his dreary solitude; but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, he has now learned that riches are useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he, whom distress hath taught wisdom!---But turn thine eyes to another, and more interesting scene.”

THE caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors, wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits; on which sat Aboram. the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side, a princess fairer than a Houri.

“GRACIOUS Alla! it is my son,” cried the caliph. “O let me hold him to my heart!” “Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,” replied the angel: “I am now shewing thee, what would have been the fate of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.” Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance



countenance of his son (in which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health) now distorted with rage; and now, fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: he appeared to be withered by intemperance: his hands were stained with blood; and he trembled by turns, with fury and terror; the palace, so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly, into the cell of a dungeon; where his son lay, stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after, he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink; and afterwards, married the successor to his throne.

"HAPPY," said Caloc is he, whom Providence has, by the angel of death snatched from guilt!

"It is enough, cried Bozaldab; I will adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!

#### HISTORY IV.

**P**IZARRO was the man, whom fortune had raised up, from one of the lowest ranks in life, to be the conqueror of the New World. Having recommended himself, by his bravery, to the viceroy, he obtained from him the privilege of exploring the countries beyond the line, in quest of new kingdoms and new treasures: He set sail from Panama, and was at a considerable distance from the Isthmus in his way towards the line. The perils of a sea as yet unknown, made his course toilsome as well as tedious. Provisions fell short; and it soon became necessary to hazard the landing upon those

those savage coasts: but wherever he set foot, he found a warlike people in readiness to oppose him. As soon as any village was attacked, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets flocked to its assistance. A single discharge of fire arms was sufficient to disperse them, but they returned again in swarms. The edge of Spanish steel grew blunt: their hands grew weary with the work of slaughter.

An old Cacique, a man who for wisdom and valour had been famous in his days, now worn out with labour and old age, had laid himself down at the bottom of a cave, waiting for the hand of death. His two sons, covered with blood, ran to him, and cried, "'Tis all over with us, father, we are undone."--- "How so? said the old man calmly: 'Is it that there are so many of them, or are they immortal?----No," replied one of his sons; there are but few of them; but unquestionably they are Gods, for they fight in a blaze of lightening, and thunder issues from their hands." Say you so? said the Cacique? I should be glad to look at them: take me to-morrow to the top of yonder rock, that I may see the battle."

They assembled by break of day on the plain. A shout, composed of a thousand yells, was the signal of the Indians, a cloud of arrows darkened the air over the heads of the Spaniards: Pizarro, waiting till they were at a small distance, gave a terrible fire, the cannon made enormous breaches in the ranks of their ill-marched battallions. The presence of the old Cacique still kept up the courage of his people. They maintained their ground, they advanced,

ed, and spreading themselves towards the wings, they were upon the point of surrounding the Spaniards. Pizarro then fell upon them sword in hand. Nothing was now seen but continued massacre. The old Cacique, from the top of his rock, viewed the disaster with a sad and pensive eye: and calling his chief warriors round him, counselled them to keep on the defensive, in the narrow vallies that wind between the hills. The Spaniards were frequently put to great extremities by their defiles, and frequent sallies. Pizarro, enraged, rushed in upon them like lightening, the Indians were attacked on all sides, and entirely defeated.

The Indians endeavouring to carry away the old Cacique, perceived that they must be soon overtaken. Upon that the old man said to them, "I have but a few days to live. Leave me. It is not worth while to rob your children of their fathers, your wives of their husbands, to save me. At these words, laying him at the foot of a tree, they embraced him weeping, and took their flight into the woods.

In a little time the Spaniards came up. The old man looked them in the face without surprize or fear: they asked him which way the Indians were gone off. He pointed to the woods. They asked him under what roof he lived? He pointed to the sky. Solicitous to overcome this obstinate silence, they began with employing treacherous caresses: these had no effect. Next they betook themselves to threats: he heard them unconcerned. Their impatience turned at last to fury. They shewed him the preparations of torture: he beheld them with contempt. "Fools!" said he, with bitterness and disdain,

dain, " they think to render death terrible to old age, as if they could invent a greater evil than decrepitude ! " The Spaniards, no longer able to endure these insults, fastened him to a stake, and kindled a slow fire all around him.

The old man as soon as he felt the fire, summoning up his spirits, armed himself with an inflexible resolution: and thus began his song of death.

" When first I came into the world, Pain got hold on me, and I wept; for I was then a child. I became a man: then said Pain to me, let us wrestle together: If thou be stronger I shall yeild, but if thou let thyself be cast down, I will trample on thee. --- Shall it be so? said I: begin then: so we set foot to foot. It is now sixty years since the struggle first began: and lo! here am I still upon my ground, nor has it cost me yet a tear. I have seen my friends falling by your hand: and my heart has stifled all complaint. I have seen my son crushed before my face: nor yet has the water started in my eyes. What would Pain have of me more? Knows she not who I am? Does she think to shake my resolution? Vain thought! I defy her with my latest breath; and the ashes of the dead are proof against her fury. And you, ye cowards! Ye are come to plunder us: but ye will fight brother with brother over our miserable spoils. Your hands, first drenched in our blood, will then besmear themselves with your own; and your bones and our bones, scattered pell mell over our desolate fields, will make peace; they will sleep together, and mingle their dust: as if they had been friendly bones. Meantime burn on, tear on, make what you can of this body, consume the little that old age has left of it.

Thus



Thus sung the aged Warrior: and the more the pain increased, the fiercer were his insults. A Spaniard no longer able to endure his invectives; snatched up the bow belonging to the old Cacique, and taking an arrow out of the quiver, discharged it into his body. The old man feeling that the wound was mortal, turned to him with a look of calm disdain: "Ah! young man," he cried, "young man! thy impatience has lost thee a fair occasion of learning how to suffer." He expired; and the Spaniards, struck with amazement at his intrepidity, passed the night in the woods without being able to retrace their way.

## HISTORY VI.

**N**O observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities! the miseries of the lower ranks of people are disregarded.

I have been led into these reflexions from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. After giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes. The poor fellow, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and give me his history as follows.

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend  
to



to have gone thro' any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Cheshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"I travelled from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it: ---As ill luck would have it, I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain;  
and

and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell on my knees; begged his worship's pardon, and gave a full account of myself; the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England, for I love my native country. I worked about the town, in doing little jobs when I could get them, but as I was coming home from work, one evening, I was knocked down by two men, who belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battle of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on I was discharged;  
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and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India company's service. I here fought the French in three pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest. and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail: but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand; Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock  
out

out the French centry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Brest; but by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was



I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content: nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

## HISTORY VII.

**E**DWARD the Third, king of England, after the battle of Cressly, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised nightly, erected out of the ruins which



which the day had made. France had now put her sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission, but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their half starved cattle, they tore up the old foundations, and rubbish, in search of vermin: they fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury. In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle, and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace soon found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered by Sir Walter Mauny, that

that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and notable sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the common people. All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square; and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the sentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face: each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? Whom had they to deliver up, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends and fellow citizens, you see the condition to which we are reduced; we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery. We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It does not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal: he would make

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us contemptible; he would grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the ax, or the halter? Is there any who have not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible. Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke ----- but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed:

"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to promote any matters of damage to others, which

I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion: for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however, modesty, and the fear of imputed ostentation, may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merit. Indeed the station to which the captivity of lord Vienne, has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully: Who comes next? Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. --- Ah, my child! cried St. Pierre; I am then twice sacrificed. --- But, no --- I have rather begotten thee a second time. --- Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes. --- Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Willant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Willant! --- Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was not I a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers, who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before



Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. ---What a parting! what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

At length, St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of *patriots* as they passed. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

As soon as they had reached the royal presence, Mauny, says the king, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny: they are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, says Edward? Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my lord. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

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The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonstrances and entreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpose. But what neither a regard to his own interest and honour, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection. The queen, who was then big with child, being informed of the particulars respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him not to stain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed. Edward could deny nothing to a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and especially in her condition; and the queen not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast, and having made them a present of money and cloaths, sent them back to their fellow citizens. RAPIN'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, EDWARD III.

## HISTORY VIII.

THE sun, says an Eastern sage, was sinking behind the western hills, and with departing rays gilded the spires and turrets of Golconda, when the captive Selima from the window of the son of Nouradin's seraglio, casting a mournful

ful look at the country which she saw at a distance beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on some cottages which she could distinguish by the thin smoke ascending from them, and seemed to envy the humble condition of the lowly inhabitants; she longed to exchange her own situation for that of innocent poverty and cheerful tranquility; little by little the envied prospect faded on her sight, and she listened with horror to the crashing of iron bars, and the closing that surrounded her; till at length all was hush'd, all became quiet as the hours of night, and stillness advanced; she then burst forth into the following soliloquy.

And was I formed a reasonable being (she cried) for this? to be excluded for ever from society, and doomed to add one more to the slaves of the monarch of the East; have I deserved this at the hands of providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the genius of distribution? did I ever turn mine ears from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor? why then am I punished in this manner, why for ever denied the blessing of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a prison-house? while I was a child, the angel of death closed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loss; and a few moons ago the same minister of terror bore from my arms a sister whom I loved, to the land of silence and shadows; the rest of those that were dear to me groan under the bonds of servitude in the mines of *Agra*, or traverse on the great waters in the ships of *India*; some happier few who have found  
grace

grace in the eyes of the Sultan, live only to shew  
 me the difference between what I was, and what  
 I am; yet the remembrance of those I lost, I bore  
 with resignation; I wept indeed and retired, but  
 as yet repined not; but to know no end of misery,  
 to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those  
 who were once our equals, is surely the worst  
 that can be inflicted: I have said to the slaves,  
 why will not my lord the Sultan dismiss the maid  
 whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose  
 presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than  
 increase it? but they treat my tears and my remon-  
 strances with scorn, nor are their hearts melted  
 in them with pity: night and silence are over  
 all the Seraglio, even the horrid guards to whose  
 care we are resigned are fast locked up in sleep; O!  
 when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion? discontent  
 and perpetual uneasiness of mind, banish from my  
 eyes all propensity to rest, the night only affords  
 me an opportunity to vent my complaints, and my  
 greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose,  
 when I can undisturbed and unmolested give utter-  
 ance to the sorrows of my heart.

As she was speaking these last words, the shades  
 of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a  
 light diffused itself around her, like the flashing  
 of mid-day: she looked up and beheld, when *Aza-  
 zel* the angel of reproof became visible to her sight;  
 she bowed her head in the dust, and humbled her-  
 self before him. *Selima*, (he cried) arise thou mis-  
 guided child of affliction: I am that genius who  
 was with thee when thou wast as yet a child, and  
 in

in my book were thy future fortunes written; I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid his hands on thy sister; under my influence wert thou brought as a captive to *Amurath*, from the banks of *Oxus*, and immured in the walls of his Seraglio; thou hast complained of thy fate, thou hast said that the eye of thy genius frowned on thy birth, and that misfortune has marked thee for her daughter: but I am come to clear thy doubts, and to direct thee where thou mayst find the mansions of rest; let my words sink deep in thee, and grave them in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said: thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions who have appeared pleasing to the Sultan has been the object of thine envy, but alas! thine is a paradise to theirs; thou hast repined at that solitude which, hadst thou made a right use of, it would have taught thee to know thyself, and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands possess, and which would have been to thee a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what but for my interposition would have been thy own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish been crowned with success; hadst thou been bidden in thy turn to deck with oriental pomp the bed for *Amurath*, and repose on the silken pavillions in the inner chambers of the palace:



palace: turn thyself to the East and view there what I shall explain to thee.

She turned and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of Eastern magnificence; she was fair as one of the *Houries*, and sparkling in the gold of *Indostan*, and the diamonds of *Surat*; in her presence every mouth was dumb, every knee bended with fear, and every eye fixed on the ground; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord; she seemed alone as to herself, tho' amidst wondering thousands, and ten thousands at her feet --- View her yet again (he said) *Selima*, as the crowd retiring leaves her in her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine? does not that gloom which hangs on her brow, owe its being to fear? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance can in a moment bring her licentious happiness to an end? and guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation.---But see, the guards rush in at this moment to seize her, and accuse her of having conspired the death of her lord.---Mark how the splendid apartments, and alcove of pleasure disappear, and in their stead, the joyless gloom, and grated windows of a prison.---Now she is hurried in, they throw the black robe of death upon her; in vain does she now think of command, in vain wave that hand, which a few hours before would have stilled the raging of the people,



people, and humbled the rulers of the world; she now begs to be heard, and has recourse, as her last aids, to intreaty, tears, and protestations, but in vain: she is dragged down on the rocky pavement by the hands of slaves, who offer her the dismal alternatives of the poisoned cup, or the sabre.---She drinks, and see, she sinks paler and paler to the earth-----See the last convulsive struggle---the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony:---scarce is there a pause, ---they strip the yet warm body, denied to be joined in burial with the queens of the land, and expose it for a prey to the eagle and vulture.

Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy latest hour; and thy end would have resembled hers: bear then thy present fate without repining, nor dash the cordial which hope presents thee with to the ground, but wait with patience for a happier hour; their lot only may be called miserable, whose faces were never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave---Hope is yet thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the bower of content; then say not in thine heart, that thy portion here is with the wretched, nor by wishing to alter the allotment of providence, provoke the rage of a power infinitely greater than mine, which can crush thee to atoms at a blow. When he had spoke these words, he stretched out his arm over her, and she sunk down on a sofa into the arms of sleep, from which she awoke in the morning, with a conviction of her late unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to her lot.

HISTORY

## HISTORY IX.

**L**ORD chief justice Holt was one of the most able and upright judges that ever presided in a court of justice. He had been very wild in his youth, and being once out with some of his raking companions on a journey into the country; they had spent all their money, and after many consultations what to do, it was resolved that they should part company, and try their fortune separately. Holt got to an inn at the end of a poor village, and putting a good face on the matter, ordered his horse to be well taken care of, called for a room, bespoke a supper, and looked after his bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a lass about thirteen years old shivering with an ague; he enquired of his landlady, a widow, who the girl was, and how long she had been ill. The good woman told him that she was her daughter, an only child, and that she had been ill near a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure from physick, at an expence which almost ruined her. He shook his head at the doctors, and bade the woman be under no further concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in court-hand, on a scrap of parchment, which had been a direction to a hamper, and rolling it up, ordered that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and remain there 'till she was well. As it happened, the ague returned no more; and Holt having con-

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tinued there a week, now called for his bill with as much courage as if his pockets had been filled with gold; "Ah! God bless you, says the old woman, you are nothing in my debt, I'm sure; I wish I was able to pay you for the cure you have performed upon my daughter; and if I had had the happiness to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds in my pocket." Holt, after some altercation, accepted of his week's accommodation as a gratuity, and rode away.

It happened, that many years afterwards, when he was one of the judges of the King's-bench, he went a circuit into the same county, and among other criminals whom he was appointed to try, there was an old woman that was charged with witchcraft: to support this charge, several witnesses swore that she had a spell, with which she could either cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were well: in the use of this spell they said she had been lately detected, and it having been seized upon her, was ready to be produced in court; the judge then desired it might be handed up to him; it appeared to be a dirty ball, covered with rags, and bound many times round with packthread; these coverings he removed with great deliberation one after another, and at last found a piece of parchment, which he knew to be the same that he had used as an expedient to supply his want of money. At the recollection of this incident he changed colour, and sat silent; at length, recollecting himself, he addressed the jury to this effect: "Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of  
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my life, which very ill suits my present character, and the station in which I sit; but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence and countenance superstition: this bauble, which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scrawl, which I wrote with my own hand, and gave to this woman, whom, for no other cause, you accuse as a witch." He then related the particular circumstances of the transaction; and it had such an effect upon the minds of the people, who now blushed at the folly and cruelty of their zeal, that judge Holt's landlady was the last person that ever was tried for witchcraft in that county.

It is related of the same magistrate, that being once upon the bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. He was moved by that curiosity which is natural, upon a retrospection on past life, to know the fortunes of the coteremporaries with whom he was once associated, and of whom he had known nothing for many years; he therefore asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the knot to which they belonged. The fellow fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, "Ah! my lord, (said he), they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

HISTORY



## HISTORY X.

**B**ABYLON, the seat of the Assyrian monarch, had been founded by Semiramis, but Nebuchodonosor had given it its principal beauties. This conqueror after long and difficult wars, finding himself in perfect tranquility, apply'd his thoughts to make his capital one of the wonders of the world. It was situated in a vast plain, watered by the Euphrates; the canals cut from this river made the fruitfulness of the soil so great, that it yielded the king as much as the half of his empire. The walls of the city were built of large brick, cemented together with bitumen, or a slime arising out of the earth, which in time became harder than marble; the were fifty cubits thick, two hundred high, and form'd a perfect square twenty leagues in compass; an hundred and fifty towers, rais'd at certain distances upon these inaccessible walls, commanded all the country round about; an hundred gates of brass regularly dispos'd, opened to an innumerable multitude of people of all nations; fifty great streets travers'd the city from side to side, and by crossing each other form'd above six hundred large divisions, in which were stately palaces, delightful gardens, and magnificent squares. The Euphrates flow'd through the middle of Babylon, and over that river was a bridge built with surprising art; at its two extremities were two palaces, the old one to the East, the new one to the West; near the old palace was the temple of Belus;

Belus; from the centre of this building rose a pyramid six hundred feet high, and compos'd of eight towers one above another; from the top of this pyramid, the Babylonians observ'd the motion of the stars, which was their favourite study, and by which they made themselves famous in other nations. At the other end of the bridge stood the new palace, which was eight miles in circuit; its famous hanging gardens, which were so many large terrasses one above another, rose like an amphitheatre to the height of the city walls; the whole mass was supported by divers arches built upon other arches, all covered with broad stones strongly cemented, and over them was first a layer of reed mix'd with bitumen, then two rows of bricks, and over these thick sheets of lead, which made the whole impenetrable to rain or any moisture; the mould which covered all, was of that depth as to have room enough for the greatest trees to take root in it: In these gardens were long walks, which ran as far as the eye could reach; bowers, green plots, and flowers of all kinds; canals, fountains and aqueducts to water and adorn this place of delights; a most surprising collection of all the beauties of nature and art.

The author, or rather the creator of so many prodigies, equal to Hercules in bravery, and superior to the greatest men by his genius, was, after incredible successes, fallen into a kind of madness; he imagin'd himself transform'd into a beast, and had all the fierceness of one. As soon as Cyrus was arriv'd at Babylon, he went to see Queen Amytis:

Amytis: This Princess had for near seven years been plunged in a deep sadness; but she was beginning to moderate her grief, because the Hebrews, who were then captives in the city, had promised her that the King should be cured in a few days. The Queen was waiting that happy moment with great impatience; the wonders she had seen performed by Daniel made her confide in what he said. Cyrus, from a respectful consideration of the affliction of Amytis, avoided speaking to her concerning the principal design of his journey; he was sensible that it was not a favourable conjuncture to treat of political affairs, and waited for the King's cure, though with little hopes: In the mean while he endeavoured to satisfy his curiosity touching the religion and manners of the Israelites. Daniel was not then at Babylon, but was gone to visit and console the Hebrews dispers'd throughout Assyria. Amytis made Cyrus acquainted with an illustrious Hebrew named Eleazer: The Prince being inform'd that the people of God did not look upon the King's frenzy as a natural distemper, but as a punishment from heaven, desir'd the Hebrew philosopher to tell him the reason of it.

Nabuchodonosor, said the Hebrew Sage, being led away by impious men who were about him, came at length to such an excess of irreligion, that he blasphem'd against THE MOST HIGH; and to crown his impiety, he erected a golden statue of an enormous size in the plain of Dura, and commanded that it should be ador'd by all the nations

ons he had subdu'd. He was admonish'd by divine dreams, that he should be punished for his idolatry and pride in this life: A Hebrew named Daniel, a man famous for science, virtue, and his knowledge of futurity, explained to him those dreams, and denounc'd God's judgments which were ready to fall upon him. The words of the prophet made at first some impresson upon the King's mind; but being surrouned by profane men who despis'd the heavenly powers, he neglected the divine admonition, and gave himself up anew to his impiety. At the end of the year, while he was walking in his gardens, admiring the beauty of his own works, the splendor of his glory, and the greatness of his empire, he exalted himself above humanity, and became an idolater of his own proud imaginations. He heard a voice from heaven, saying, O King Nabuchodonosor, to thee it is spoken, The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men, and thou shalt eat grass as the beasts of the field, till seven years are pass'd, and until thou know that THE MOST HIGH ruleth over all the kingdoms of the universe, and giveth them to whomsoever he will. In the same hour was the thing fulfill'd and his reason was taken from him; he was seiz'd with a frenzy, and with fits of raging madness; in vain they attempted to hold him by chains; he broke all his irons and ran away into the mountains and plains, roaring like a lion; no one can approach him without running the hazard of being torn in pieces. He has no repose nor intervals of reason  
except



except one day in the week, which is the Sabbath; he then holds discourses which should strike the impious with terror. It is now almost seven years that he has been in this condition, and we are expecting his total recovery in a few days, according to the divine prediction.

Here Cyrus sigh'd, and could not forbear saying, In all the countries through which I pass, I see nothing but sad examples of the weakness and misfortunes of Princes: In Egypt, Apries suffers himself to be made a sacrifice by his blind friendship for a perfidious favourite; at Sparta two young kings were going to ruin the state, if not prevented by the wisdom of Chilo; the deplorable fate of Periander and his whole family at Corinth, will be a dreadful example to posterity of the miseries which tyrants and usurpers draw upon themselves; at Athens Pisistratus is twice dethron'd; Polycrates King of Samos, suffers himself to be impos'd upon so far as to persecute innocence; in Crete the successors of Minos have destroy'd the most perfect of all governments; here Nabuchodonosor draws upon himself the wrath of heaven by his impiety: Great Oromazes! was it only in your anger then that you gave Kings to mortals? Are grandeur and virtue incompatible?

The morning of the Sabbath, Cyrus, accompanied by Eleazar, went to the place which the King of Babylon frequented; they beheld the unfortunate Prince come out of the Euphrates, and lie down under some willows which were upon the banks of the river. They approach'd him in silence;

silence; he was stretch'd upon the grass with his eyes turn'd towards heaven; from time to time he sent forth deep sighs, accompanied with bitter tears; in the midst of his misfortunes there was still upon his face an air of greatness, which shew'd that **THE MOST HIGH** in punishing had not entirely forsaken him: They forbore out of respect to speak to him, or to interrupt the profound grief in which he seem'd to be plung'd. Cyrus deeply struck with the sad situation of this great Prince stood immovable, and on his countenance appear'd all the tokens of a soul seiz'd with terror and compassion: The King of Babylon observ'd it, and without knowing who he was, said to him: Heaven suffers me to have intervals of reason, to make me sensible that I do not possess it as a property; that it comes from another; that a superior Being takes it from me and restores it when he pleases; and that he who gives it me is a sovereign Intelligence, who holds all nature in his hand, and can dispose it in order or overturn it according to his pleasure. Heretofore being blinded by pride, and corrupted by prosperity, I said within myself, and to all the false friends who were about me; We are born as it were by chance, and after death we shall be as if we had never been; the soul is a spark of fire which goes out when the body is reduc'd to ashes; come, let us enjoy the present good, let us make haste to exhaust all pleasures; let us drink the most delicious wines, and perfume ourselves with odorous oils; let us crown ourselves with roses before

fore they wither; let strength be our only law, and pleasure the rule of our duty; let us make the just fall into our snares, because he dishonours us by his virtue; let us examine him with affronts and torments, that we may see whether he be sincere. Thus it was that I blasphemed against heaven, and this is the source of my miseries; alas! I have but too much deserv'd them. Scarce had he pronounced these words, when he started up, ran away, and hid himself in the neighbouring forest.

The words of Nabuchodonosor augmented the young Prince's respect for the Deity, and redoubled his desire of being fully instructed in the religion of the Hebrews; he frequently saw Eleazer, and by degrees contracted a close friendship with him. The Eternal being watchful over Cyrus, whom he had chosen to bring about the deliverance of his people, thought fit to prepare him by his conversation with the Hebrew Sage, to receive soon after the instructions of the prophet Daniel.

Now the time was come for the recovery of Nabuchodonosor, his frenzy ceased and his reason was restored to him. Before he returned to his capital, he resolved to pay a public homage to the God of Israel, in the same place where he had given the notorious instance of his impiety. He ordered Daniel to assemble the Princes, magistrates, governors of provinces, and all the nobles of Babylon, and to conduct them to the plains of Dura, where he had some years before erected the fa-  
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mous

mous golden statue. Cloath'd with his imperial robe, he mounted upon an eminence, from whence he might be seen by all the people; he had no longer any thing fierce or savage in his look; notwithstanding the dreadful condition to which his sufferings had reduced him, his countenance had a serene and majestic air: He turn'd towards the East, took off his diadem, prostrated himself with his face to the earth, and pronounced three times the tremendous name of JEHOVAH! Having adored the ETERNAL for some time in a profound silence, he rose up, and said: People of all nations assembled together, it was here that you formerly beheld the extravagant marks of my impious and abominable pride; it was here that I usurped the rights of the Divinity, and would force you to worship the work of mens hands: THE MOST HIGH to punish this excess of irreligion, condemned me to eat grass with the beasts for seven whole years; the times are accomplished; I have lifted up my eyes to heaven, and acknowledged the power of the God of Israel; my reason and my understanding are restored to me. Your God, (continued he, turning to Daniel) is in truth the GOD OF GODS, and KING OF KINGS. All the inhabitants of the earth are before him as nothing, and he does according to his will both in heaven and in earth; his wisdom is equal to his power, and all his ways are full of justice: Those that walk in pride he is able to abase, and he raises again those whom he had humbled: O Princes and people learn to render homage to his greatness! At these words the  
assembly



assembly sent up shouts of joy, and filled the air with acclamations in honour of the God of Israel. Nabuchodonosor was conducted back with pomp to his capital, and resumed the government of his kingdom: He raised Daniel to the highest dignities, and the Hebrews were honoured with the first posts throughout all the provinces of his empire.

## HISTORY XI.

**W**HEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, to retire, in the interim, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition, of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to durance, in place of his friend; and Damon was, accordingly set at liberty.

The king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.---Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the

the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely; and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.---Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself---“ My lord,” said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, “ I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousands deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon.” Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served, rather to perplex than undeceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down, and retired in silence.

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The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly.---“ My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend.---O! could I erase from your bosoms, every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble---that his truth is unimpeachable---that he will speedily approve it---that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.---Executioner, do your office.” As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and, *Stop, stop the execution*, was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on

a steed of foam. In an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried; "you are safe, my friend, my beloved---the gods be praised, you are safe! I, now, have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, "Fatal haste!---Cruel impatience!---What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?---But I will not be wholly disappointed.---Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all, with astonishment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue: and *that* virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God, a God, to reward it.---Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

## HISTORY XII.

**A**THENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning,



ing, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay; and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal; and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world. Alcander was of Athens; Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained, but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction, without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to  
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the future peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, than he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires, at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind, in a short time, became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in the amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship, in the breast of Alcander, on this occasion: it is enough to say, that the Athenians were, at that time, arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately, by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune, wrought as unexpected a change on the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days, he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he so eminently possessed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

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In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil; and every change of season, served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome.

The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whether our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst

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the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of: but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for, night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city; the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat: but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. He was found next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing an enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world, in which he had  
found



found only ingratitude, falshood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius.

As the circumstances against him were strong, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the spectators was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder; and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought, bound, to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence, therefore, appeared: but the sullen rashness of his conduct, remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude. But their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal, to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not remove.

### HISTORY XIII.

**T**HE following apologue represents, in a lively manner, the common pilgrimage of life.

“ As soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires  
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of day, I mounted my ass and took the path which leads to the high-road of Babylon; scarce was I there when in raptures I exclaimed,

‘ Oh how mine eyes do wander with joy o’er yon green hills! with what delicious perfumes do these flow’ry meadows embalm the air!

‘ I am in a beautiful avenue; my ass and I may retire under the shade of its trees when it shall seem good unto us.

‘ How serene the heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well-mounted as I am, I shall arrive before dusk.

‘ Whilst I uttered these words, besotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my ass, and gently stroking him.

‘ From afar I see a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air.

‘ All clothed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes, interspersed with precious stones.

‘ Their camels soon came up with me; I was dazzled by their splendor, and humbled by their grandeur.

‘ Alas! all my endeavours to stretch myself served only to make me appear more ridiculously vain.

‘ Mine eyes did measure them incessantly; scarce did my head reach their ancles: I was sorely vexed from the bottom of my soul, nevertheless did I not give over following them.

‘ Then did I wish that my ass could raise himself as high as the highest of camels, and fain would

I have seen his long ears peep [o'er their lofty heads.

' I continually excited him by my cries, I press'd him with my heels and my halter; and tho' he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarce equalled one of the camel's.

' In short, we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine? Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs?

' Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone upon the vilest and slowest of animals; they, on the contrary-----happy they!-----would blush to have me in their train; so despicable am I in their eyes.

' Busied in these reflections, and lost in thought, my ass finding I no longer pressed him, slackened his pace, and presently stopped to feed upon the thistles.

' The grass was goodly: it seemed to invite him to rest; so he laid him down: I fell; and like unto him who from a profound sleep awaketh in surprise, so was I on a sudden awakened from my meditations.

' As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears; I looked around, and behold a troop still more numerous than the former.

' These were mounted as poorly as myself; their linen tunicks the same as mine; their manners seemed familiar; I addressed the nearest.

' Do your utmost, says I, you will never be able,  
mounted

mounted as you are, to overtake those who are ahead of you.

‘ Let us alone, says he, for that; the madmen! they risk their lives; and for what? to arrive a few minutes before us.

‘ We are all going to Babylon, an hour sooner or later, in linen tunick, or purple robes, on an ass, or a camel, what matters it when once one is arrived? nay, upon the road, so you know how to amuse yourself?

‘ You, for example: What would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel? your fall, says he, would have been fatal. I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

‘ Then, looking behind me, how great was my surprize to see men, women, and children, following us a-foot, some singing, others skipping on the tender grass; their poor backs bowed under their burdens.

‘ Then cried I, transported beyond myself, they go to Babylon as well as I: And is it they who rejoice? and is it I who am sad? when on a sudden my oppressed heart became light; and I felt a gentle joy flow within my veins.

‘ Ere we got in, we overtook the first party; their camels had thrown them, their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interspersed with diamonds, were all covered with mud.

‘ Then, ye powerful of the earth; even then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur; but the just estimation I made of it, did not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.’

HISTORY



## HISTORY XIV.

**T**HE following narrative is by eastern tradition, attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced.

“Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eyes to the worlds that roll above thee: Thou beholdest splendour, abundance and beauty; is not He who produced them, mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy MAKER.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention: The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my

my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near, I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: "Heli, said he, those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed; sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction." We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an angel, or the music of Paradise.

"Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived,

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ed, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: Those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with the veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: The lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: They were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to women: The merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: He, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy;

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and

and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured, and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval, Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: She received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time, Osmin the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: To excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied. and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty, but the power of beauty he had exhausted:

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He became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women, but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nou-raddin, returned with him to Egypt: The sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair; but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightening in the darkness of a storm: The offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced; he knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near. He, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, and flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: " By the smile of my  
 " Lord (said he) let another be distinguished from  
 " the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his  
 " favour elevate another from the dust; but let  
 " my service be accepted, and the desire of Osmin  
 " be

“ be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly  
 “ be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the  
 “ sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, there-  
 “ fore, to demand her; she is now with him in  
 “ the house, to which I will conduct the mes-  
 “ senger of thy will.”

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy. A mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: The evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana, with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of insolence and triumph presented the mandate: Nouraddin seeing the Royal Signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an  
 agony

agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him, enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: At the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse: He was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic with exultation and hope. Nardic whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude; but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: He prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend: She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: He passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

While

While Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: He perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliances. But the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed. "Let my Lord (said she) dismiss a  
 "wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and  
 "compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the  
 "perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust?  
 "Shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? Or shall he for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?" Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with  
 desire



desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana, and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense: But the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: The evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquility of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throws of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber: He was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: " If  
" wisdom

" wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the  
 " works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression,  
 " injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has  
 " a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power  
 " of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven  
 " would appear in my behalf! O that from this  
 " hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!"

The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. " Nouraddin (said the vision)  
 " I am of the region above thee; but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou  
 " hast wished to be Osmin; and as far as this  
 " wish is possible, it shall be accomplished: Thou  
 " shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and  
 " to exercise his power. I know not yet whether  
 " I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he  
 " shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend, and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: " As often as this bracelet  
 " (said he) shall be applied to the region of thy  
 " heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from  
 " Osmin to Nouraddin." The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover

recover the possession of Amāna, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amāna, became restless and impatient: He quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: "What is my felicity, " and what is my power? I am wretched, by the " want of that which the caprice of woman has " bestowed upon my slave; I can gratify revenge, " but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, " but I cannot procure it myself. Why have I " not power to assume the form in which I might " enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in " thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be " clasped with transport to the bosom of Amāna." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had

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been

been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: A tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin in the frenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poignard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate: In the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered

alone



alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extacy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor: He, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy, and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been able to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicions and doubts were removed; then suddenly turning from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause.

“ In

“ In the bowl,” said she, “ which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: A powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the portion it would inevitably destroy.”

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden; his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim; he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The Seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected, and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

Such, said the companion of Rhedi, was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it, and be wise; be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.

While

While mine eyes was fixed upon the hoary sage who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. " Hamet, (said he) the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.

Now, therefore, let virtue suffer adversity with patience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict; for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

## HISTORY XV.

A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, for thirty pieces of silver. With this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then smile more favourably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."

Whilst the peasant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his treasures. ---As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening however, a short while afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches; and he inquired, with the utmost anxiety after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen, in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant



peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit; and, having traversed in vain, the course that was pointed out to him, he came back, fatigued and breathless, to the place from which he set out; where he found neither his ass, nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had entrusted him.

As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him. "Alas!" said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, "as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water, a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I shall be put to death, on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure." "Why don't you jump into the well, in search of the casket?" cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. "Because it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver?" The peasant accepted the offer with exultation; and, whilst he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgiving

givings to the holy Prophet, for this providential succour. But, the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, thro' inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment, which he borrowed on the road.

## HISTORY XVI.

**A**LONZO IV. king of Portugal, at the beginning of his reign, gave himself up, wholly to the pleasures of the chase; leaving the management of public affairs, entirely, to his favourites. His presence, however, being, at last, necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council, with all the vivacity of the sportsman; and entertained his nobles, with the history of a whole month, spent in his favourite amusement. When he had done, a nobleman of the first distinction rose, and addressed him in the following manner.---“ Courts and camps,” said he, “ were allotted for kings, not “ woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private “ men suffer, when recreation is preferred to business: but, when the whims of pleasure engross “ the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes,

" poses, than to hear the exploits of the chase; ex-  
 " ploits, which are only intelligible to grooms and  
 " falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the  
 " wants, and remove the grievances, of your peo-  
 " ple, you will find them obedient subjects: if not."  
 ---the king, starting with rage, interrupted him,  
 " if not, what?" ---" If not," replied the noble-  
 man in a firm tone, " they will look for another,  
 " and a better king." Alonzo, on this, burst out  
 of the room, in a violent passion. But in a little  
 while, he returned quite calm, and spoke thus to  
 the nobleman.---" I perceive," said he, " the truth  
 " of what you say. He, who will not execute  
 " the duties of a king, cannot long have good sub-  
 " jects. Remember, from this day, you have no-  
 " thing more to do with Alonzo, the sportsman;  
 " but, with Alonzo, the king."

## HISTORY XVII.

**T**HERE are some people that know no  
 medium between prodigality, and the most  
 rigid œconomy: you will meet with persons, that,  
 by means of their frugality, with an income insuf-  
 ficient for many in the same circumstances, will  
 find a superfluity; whilst others, possessed of prince-  
 ly fortunes, by debauchery and extravagance, are  
 necessitous and contemptible.

At the time that a collection was made through-  
 out the city of London, to build the hospital of  
 Bedlam, The persons who were employed to ga-  
 ther the money, came to a small house, the door

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of

of which was half open; from the entry, they overheard an old man scolding his servant-maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling a fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away; without reflecting that the match, having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might be of further service. After diverting themselves a while with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, which they little expected, could not help testifying their surprize; and told the old fellow what they had heard. "Gentlemen, said he, your surprize is occasioned by a thing of very little consequence. I keep house, and save or spend money my own way: the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other: and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts."

When he had spoken thus, he turned them out of his house without ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking half so much of the four hundred guineas, which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire.



XVIII. FINETTA *the Cinder Girl*, a Fairy Tale.

SOME time ago there lived a King and a Queen, who had managed their affairs so ill, that they were driven out of their dominions; and to support themselves, were forced to sell, first their crowns, then their robes, linen, and laces, and afterwards all they had; and when they were reduced to the utmost poverty, the king said to the queen, 'We are forced out of our kingdoms, and have nothing left, therefore we must think of getting a livelihood both for ourselves and children; think a little what we shall do; for my part I am entirely at a loss.' The queen, who was a woman of good sense and wit, asked eight days time to consider of it; and when they were expired, said to him, 'Come, don't let us vex and torment ourselves; you shall lay nets and snares for fowls, and lines for fish, while I make them: As for our daughters, they are three proud idle sluts, and fancy themselves still to be great ladies, we will carry them a great way off, that it will be impossible for them to find their way back again; for we can never keep them so fine as they expect we should.'

The king, who was a kind father, began to weep when he saw he must part with his children; but the queen being of an imperious haughty temper, and he being forced to acquiesce with her, he told her she might rise early the next morning, and carry her daughters where she thought fit. While they were thus contriving this affair, the princess  
Finetta,

Finetta, who was the youngest of the three; heard them through the key-hole; and as soon as she was informed of their design, ran as fast as she was able to a large grotto, inhabited by the fairy Merlucha, her godmother; but before she went, took two pounds of fresh butter, eggs, milk, and flour, to make a cake of, that she might be the more acceptable guest. When she first set out, she went very chearfully; but after she had walked some time, and the soles of her shoes were worn away, and her feet began to be gall'd with the pebbles, she was so weary, that she sat herself down on the grass, and fell a-crying; when a fine Spanish horse passed by ready bridled and saddled, with diamonds enough on his housings to buy two or three towns; who, when he saw the princess, he sed by her, bending his knees, seeming to pay some respect to her; whereupon, taking him by the bridle, she said, ' pretty horse, if you will carry me to my Godmother the fairy, I shall be very much obliged to thee; for I am so weary, that I am ready to die away; I promise you, I'll give you good corn and hay, and litter you down with clean straw.' The horse bent down before her, and she jumping upon his back, he carried her to the fairy's grotto as swift as a bird flies in the air; for Merlucha knowing of her god-daughter's coming, had sent him for that purpose.

When she went in, she made three low curtesies, kiss'd the hem of her garment, and then said to her, ' Good-morrow, godmother; how do you do? I have brought you here some milk, butter, flour,

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‘ and eggs, to make a cake after our country fashion.’ ‘ You are welcome, Finetta, said the fairy; come and let me embrace you.’ Whereupon she kiss’d her two or three times, which made Finetta ready to die with joy; for Merlucha was a great and renowned fairy. ‘ Well, my girl, said she, you shall be my waiting-woman, come dress and comb my head;’ (which the princess did with all the address imaginable.) ‘ I know what brought you hither, said Merlucha; you heard the king and queen consulting how they might lose you, and you have no mind to be so served. Take this clue of thread, it will not break, and fasten one end of it to the door of your house, and keep the other in your hand; when the queen leaves you, it will be an easy matter for you, by this thread, to find your way back again.’

The princess thanked her godmother, who gave her a sack full of clothes, all covered over with gold and silver, and embracing her, set her upon the same horse again, who carried her home in a moment or two; and when she had thank’d her pretty horse for his trouble, and had bid him return, she went softly into the house, and hiding her sack under the bed, laid herself down, without taking any notice of what had pass’d. As soon as it was day, the king awakened his wife, and bid her prepare for her journey; upon which she got up, and put on a pair of strong shoes, a short petticoat, and white waistcoat, and taking a stick in her hand, went to call her daughters; the eldest of which was  
named

named Love's-Flower, the second, Fair-Night, and the youngest Auricula, or Fine-Ear, but, by way of Nickname, Finetta. ' I have dream'd to-night, said the queen, ' that we must go and see my sister, ' where we shall be treated, and be very merry.' ' We'll go, madam, where you please, said Love's-Flower, (who could not endure to live in a desert) so that we go, but 'tis no matter where.' The other two said the same, and taking their leave of their father, they all four set forward, for their journey. They went at last, so far, that Fine-Ear began to fear lest her clue should not hold out; for they had gone a great many score miles: However, she was always behind, fastening her thread in the briars. When the queen thought she had carried them so far that they could not find the way back again, she went into a large wood, and said to them, ' Come, my little lambs, lie down and take ' nap, while I, like a shepherdess, will watch you, ' lest the wolf should surprize you.' Whereupon they laid themselves down, and fell asleep, and the queen, when she thought them fast, took her leave as she thought, for the last time; when *Finetta*, who only shut her eyes, and pretended sleep said to herself, ' Was I now of a revengeful temper, ' I should leave my sisters to perish here; for they ' have beat and abused me very much: But, how- ' ever, I will not now forsake them.' Whereupon awakening them, she told them the whole story; at which they fell a-crying, and begged of her to take them along with her, promising to give her all the fine things they had. ' I know, said Finetta, ' you



‘ you will not perform what you promise; but, nevertheless, I shall act the part of a kind sister.’ And, thereupon, she rose up, and followed her thread, which brought them home almost as soon as the queen.

When they came there, stopping a moment at the door, they heard the king say, ‘ My heart aches to see you all alone.’ ‘ Indeed, said the queen, ‘ we were very much troubled with our daughters.’ ‘ Well, said the king, had you but brought my Finetta back, I should not be so much concerned for the other two.’ And just then they knocked at the door: ‘ Who’s there?’ said the king. ‘ Your three daughters, Love’s-Flower, Fair-Night, and Fine-Ear, reply’d they. And at that the queen trembled, and said, ‘ Don’t open the door, for they are certainly their spirits; for ’tis impossible they should be returned.’ The king, who was as great a coward as his wife, said, ‘ ’Tis false, you are not my daughters.’ Whereupon Finetta reply’d, ‘ Look through the key-hole, papa, and if I am not your daughter Finetta, I consent to be whipped.’ At that the king did as she bid him, and knowing them, opened the door. The queen seemed to be very glad to see them, pretending she came back for something she had forgot, and designed to have gone to them again.

Finetta, when all was over, asked her sisters for what they had promised her; who, thereupon beat her with their distaffs, and told her, that it was for her sake that the king was not sorry for them. Afterwards she went to bed; but not being able to sleep

sleep for the blows and bruises they had given her, she heard the queen say, she would carry them another way farther off, from whence she was assured they would never return. Upon this she got up softly, went into the hen-house, and wrung off the necks of two pullets and a cockerel, which the queen had fed up to regale herself with; and putting them into a basket, set out to go to see her godmother again. She had not gone half a mile, being in the dark, and frightened out of her wits, before she heard the Spanish horse whinnying and prancing; who no sooner came to her, but she mounted, and was carried presently to her godmother's. After the usual compliments, she presented her with the fowls, and desired her good advice; for that the queen had sworn to carry them to the world's end. Merlucha bid her not grieve herself, and gave her a sack full of ashes to carry before her, to sprinkle before her as she went along, telling her, when she returned, she needed but observe her footsteps, which would conduct her back again; and withal charged her not to take her sisters along with her; assuring her, if she did, she never would see her more. The horse being ready, Finetta took her leave, and with it a great quantity of diamonds in a box, which she put into her pocket. A little before day, the queen called the princesses again, and told them that the king was not very well, and that she dreamed they must go all four to gather some herbs for him in a certain country, where they were excellent. Love's-Flower and Fair-Night, who suspected that their mother's main end in this affair was

to

to lose them, were very much afflicted; but were notwithstanding, obliged to go. Finetta said not a word all the time, but kept behind them strewing her ashes; and the queen being persuaded that they would never be able to find the way back, for she had carried them a great distance off, and observing them all asleep one evening, took that opportunity to bid them good-by. When it was day, that Finetta perceived her mother was gone, she awaken'd her sisters, and told them, the queen was gone again, and had left them to themselves. Love's-Flower and Fair-Night cry'd, and tore their hair, and beat their breasts; when Finetta, who was a good-natured girl, pitied them, and told them, tho' her godmother, when she informed her how she should find the way back, charged her not to take them along with her, and said she would never see her more if she did, 'yet, said she, I will venture this to pre-serve my sisters.' Whereupon they both fell upon her neck, and kiss'd her, and all three returned together.

The king and queen were much surprized to see the princesses again, and laid a plot together, to leave them in a desert. Accordingly she took them to a vast distance, and there she left them in great distress. In the morning, Finetta climbed up in a tree, to see if she could perceive a house, or any person passing by, and came down immediately, and told her sisters, that she saw a house, so beautiful, that she could not describe it.

The nearer they came to the house, the more wonderful it appeared. 'I cannot but think, said they

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' one

' one to another, how we shall be diverted and enter-  
 ' tained; we shall eat at the king's table; but for Fi-  
 ' netta, she shall wash the dishes in the kitchen; and  
 ' if we are asked who she is, let us not make the least  
 ' mention of her as our sister, but say, she is a poor  
 ' herdsman's daughter.' Which cast Finetta into  
 despair, she being a girl endowed with wit and  
 beauty. When they arrived at the gates of the castle,  
 they knocked very hard, and were let in by a fright-  
 ful old woman: She was fifteen feet high, and  
 thirty about, had but one eye, and that placed in the  
 midst of her forehead, like a Cyclops, and as large as  
 five others; her nose was flat, her skin black, and  
 her mouth so large, that it was frightful. ' Oh!  
 ' unfortunate creatures, said she, what brought you  
 ' hither? Do you know that this is a giant's castle,  
 ' who would eat you all up for his breakfast? But it  
 ' is well he is not at home; I am better than he; I  
 ' will eat but one of you at a time, and you will  
 ' have the comfort of living two or three days longer.'  
 When they heard the giantess speak thus, they ran  
 away as fast as they could, thinking to save themselves;  
 but she strode as far at one step as they did at five, and  
 soon caught them again; and taking one by the hair  
 of the head, and the others by the arms and necks,  
 threw them altogether into a cave, where there  
 was nought but toads, snakes, and the bones of  
 devoured persons. And as she was then for eating  
 Finetta, and was only gone for some oil and vine-  
 gar, the giant came; but thinking to keep them for  
 herself, as a nice bit, she put them under a great  
 tub, where they had no light but through a little  
 hole.

The



The giant, who was six times as big as his wife, when he spoke it seemed like thunder, and he swallowed up children like poach'd eggs: He told his wife that he smelt fresh meat, and unless she gave it to him immediately, he would cut off her head. The old woman was much frightened to see him so angry, and coaxing him, prevailed upon him not to eat the girls, as they would be excellent servants for them.

When the giant saw them, he asked them what they could do? They answered, that they knew how to clean a house, and sew, and spin, and make such ragouts, that all that tasted of them generally licked their plates clean; and that for making of bread, cakes, and patty-pans, they were famous. 'Well, well, said the giant, who loved a dainty bit, make good your words; but, said he to Finetta, how do you know when the oven is hot enough?' I lay some butter on it, Sir, replied she, and then taste it with my tongue.' Thereupon, he ordered her to heat the oven, and the princess made a terrible fire; for, you must know, that the giant's oven was as large as a stable, and he and his wife devoured as much bread as an army. When the oven was hot, Finetta persuaded the Giant to try if it was hot enough, and he eagerly thrust himself so far in, that he could not get back again; but was burnt to ashes.

When the giant's wife came to the oven, she was surprized to find such an heap of ashes as proceeded from her burnt husband. Love's-Flower and Fair-Night, who saw her very much grieved, did what they

they could to comfort her; but, at the same time, were afraid her sorrow would be too soon over, and her appetite come upon her. ‘Madam, said they, ‘have courage, some king, or great prince, will ‘think themselves happy to marry you,’ which made her laugh, and shew her long teeth, that were as large as a finger. When they saw her in a good humour, Finetta said to her, ‘If you will throw off ‘those bear-skins, with which you now clothe yourself, we will dress you a-la-mode, and you shall ‘appear as bright as any star.’ ‘Let me see, said ‘she, what you would be at; but assure yourself, if ‘any ladies look better than me, I will make minc’d meat of you.’ Whereupon, the three princesses pull’d off her cap, and combed and frizzled her hair; and while the two sisters were amusing her after that manner, Finetta, with an hatchet, severed her head from her body at one blow.

Never was joy equal to theirs; they ran up to the top of the house to ring the golden bells, went into all the chambers of pearls and diamonds, the furniture of which was so rich, that it was an extasy to behold it. They laugh’d and sung all that day long, and almost glutted themselves with sweetmeats and other dainties. Love’s-Flower and Fair-Night laid in beds of brocade and velvet, and said one to another, ‘Our father was never so rich in all his prosperity; but yet we want husbands, and may be ‘assured nobody will ever come here, since this ‘house passes for a place of destruction, since the ‘giant and his wife’s death are unknown; therefore we must go to the next village to shew ourselves

‘ selves in our finery, and we shall not be long before we find persons enough who will be glad to marry princesses.’

They accordingly sent for their father and mother, and put them in possession of all the giant’s riches; and the three daughters in a short time married, and became great queens.

## HISTORY XIX.

THE actions of our lives, even those we call the most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. ’Tis, however, in the power of the minutest accident to shorten the one, and disconcert the other.----’Tis with mankind as with certain fire engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of a straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion.

Don Pedro, was one of the principal grandees of his age and country.---He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened as he, one day, sat in his study, that he fixed his eye upon a neighbouring spider.

The

The most trivial object served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded insect, brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived so proper an habitation.---He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He observed the road by which she sallied forth served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within.----He was at once surprised and pleased with an object, which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification:---and he often would declare it was this trivial incident that gave him a relish for that study which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent, in short, so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing now was wanting but practice, to complete the fame of his abilities: that was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those mural sallies which had

been



been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do but to excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce by testimony of his friends his qualifications for the post he sought; and on the first delivery of his petition to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquility, little agreeable to a person eager for glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities.---Such was this ingenious nobleman.-- He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular; but he was not acquainted with his own.---That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant when it is least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reason grow subservient, and instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and authorise it. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste increased his sensibility, and his sensibility made him more a slave. Let us therefore be more candid to him on the account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into a very unwarrantable scheme.

He had, in short, conceived a project to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended, within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence, had a large army on foot, together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events that might  
destroy

destroy their hopes of such an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in the theory; but whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been put in practice, and without some particular interposition of fortune, would have been attended with success. But fortune did not give herself any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in the fields. He was promised, the next morning, an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind, when walking thoughtfully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble, and to overturn an ant's nest.---He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment to be really sorry for what he had done, and putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon the consequence. It might be an age to them ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile to find the misery they underwent for such perishable habitations; yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority; and that there might be some created beings, to whom his own species might appear as trifling.

His

His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprise with an eye to such a race of beings.--- He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition and vain glory of an ant would to himself. "How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern it's actions, as it has, probably, many that are analagous to those of human nature.----Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion, as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour, should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals, and to lord it uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, borne aloft by a couple of slaves, within the hollow of a husk of wheat, five or six others at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. ---Suppose, lastly, that among this people the prime minister should persuade the rest to levy war upon a neighbouring colony, and this in order to be stiled the sovereign of two hillocks instead of one; while, perhaps, their present condition leaves them nothing to wish beside superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay, of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and the people all together, This is, doubtless, very ridiculous, yet this is, doubtless, my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the supreme one. Farewel, then, ye air-built

N

citadels!

citadels! Farewel visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptance, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own."

See here a just conclusion.---In short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, to leave the army, and to retire.---Of this whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.

## HISTORY XX.

**W**HERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly

merly



merly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! "How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies  
"beneath

" beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its  
 " tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of  
 " these scenes is no way comparable with their  
 " utility; from hence an hundred rivers are sup-  
 " plied, which distribute health and verdure to  
 " the various countries through which they flow.  
 " Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and  
 " wise; but man, vile man, is a solecism in na-  
 " ture; the only monster in the creation. Tem-  
 " pests and whirlwinds have their use, but vicious  
 " ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of uni-  
 " versal beauty. Why was I born of that detested  
 " species, whose vices are almost a reproach to  
 " the wisdom of the divine Creator? Were men  
 " entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity,  
 " harmony and order. A world of moral rec-  
 " titude, should be the result of a perfectly moral  
 " agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be  
 " thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was  
 going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once  
 to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety;  
 when he perceived a most majestic Being walking  
 on the surface of the water, and approaching the  
 bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object  
 at once checked his purpose! he stopped, contem-  
 plated, and fancied he saw something awful and  
 divine in his aspect.

" Son of Adam" cried the genius, " stop thy  
 " rash purpose; the father of the faithful has seen  
 " thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath  
 " sent me to afford and administer relief. Give  
 " me

" me thine hand, and follow, without trembling,  
 " wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius  
 " of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to  
 " turn from their errors those who go astray, not  
 " from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Fol-  
 " low me, and be wise."

Assem immediately descended upon the lake, and  
 his guide conducted him along the surface of the  
 water; till, coming near the centre of the lake,  
 they both began to sink; the waters closed over  
 their heads; they descended several hundred fa-  
 thoms, till Assem, just ready to give up his life as  
 inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide  
 in another world, at the bottom of the waters where  
 human foot had never trod before. His astonish-  
 ment was beyond description, when he saw a sun  
 like that he had left, a serene sky over his head,  
 and blooming verdure under his feet.

" I plainly perceive your amazement," said the  
 genius; " but suspend it for a while. This world  
 " was formed by Alla, at the request, and under  
 " the inspection, of our great prophet; who once  
 " entertained the same doubts which filled your  
 " mind when I found you, and from the con-  
 " sequence of which you were so lately rescued.  
 " The rational inhabitants of this world are form-  
 " ed agreeable to your own ideas; they are ab-  
 " solutely without vice. In other respects it re-  
 " sembles your earth, but differs from it in being  
 " wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong.  
 " If you find this world more agreeable than that  
 " you so lately left, you have free permission to  
 " spend

" spend the remainder of your days in it; but per-  
 " mit me for some time to attend you, that I  
 " may silence your doubts, and make you better  
 " acquainted with your company and your new  
 " habitation."

" A world without vice! Rational beings with-  
 " out immorality!" cried Afem, in a rapture;  
 " I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard  
 " my petitions; this, this indeed will produce  
 " happiness, extasy, and ease. O for an immor-  
 " tality, to spend it among men who are incapable  
 " of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a  
 " thousand other crimes, that render society mise-  
 " rable!"

" Cease thine acclamations," said the genius.  
 " Look around thee; reflect on every object and  
 " action before us, and communicate to me the  
 " result of thine observations. Lead wherever you  
 " think proper, I shall be your attendant and in-  
 " structor." Afem and his companion travelled  
 on in silence for some time, the former being en-  
 tirely lost in astonishment; but, at last recovering  
 his former serenity, he could not help observing,  
 that the face of the country bore a near resem-  
 blance to that he had left, except that this subter-  
 ranean world still seemed to retain its primæval  
 wildness.

" Here," cried Afem, " I perceive animals of  
 " prey, and others that seem only designed for  
 " their subsistence; it is the very same in the  
 " world above our heads. But had I been per-  
 " mitted to instruct our prophet, I would have  
 " removed



" removed this defect, and formed no voracious or  
 " destructive animals which only prey on the other  
 " parts of the creation. Your tenderness for in-  
 " ferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the  
 genius, smiling. " But with regard to meaner  
 " creatures, this world exactly resembles the other;  
 " and, indeed for obvious reasons: for the earth  
 " can support a more considerable number of ani-  
 " mals, by their thus becoming food for each other,  
 " than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable  
 " productions. So that animals of different natures  
 " thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude,  
 " subsist in the greatest number possible. But let  
 " us hasten on to the inhabited country before  
 " us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest,  
 and entered the country inhabited by men without  
 vice; and Assem anticipated in idea the rational  
 delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent  
 society. But they had scarce left the confines of  
 the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants  
 flying with hasty steps, and terror in his counte-  
 nance, from an army of squirrels that closely pur-  
 sued him. " Heavens!" cried Assem, " why does  
 " he fly? What can he fear from animals so con-  
 " temptible?" He had scarce spoken, when he  
 perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human  
 species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempt-  
 ed to avoid them. " This," cried Assem to his  
 guide, " is truly surprizing; nor can I conceive  
 " the reason for so strange an action." " Every  
 " species of animals," replied the genius, " has  
 " of

“ of late grown very powerful in this country;  
 “ for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust  
 “ to use either fraud or force in destroying them,  
 “ they have insensibly increased, and now fre-  
 “ quently ravage their harmless frontiers.” “ But  
 “ they should have been destroyed,” cried Afem;  
 “ you see the consequence of such neglect.”  
 “ Where is then that tenderness you so lately ex-  
 “ pressed for subordinate animals?” replied the ge-  
 “ nius smiling: “ you seem to have forgot that  
 “ branch of justice.” “ I must acknowledge my  
 “ mistake,” returned Afem; “ I am now con-  
 “ vinced, that we must be guilty of tyranny and  
 “ injustice to the brute creation, if we would en-  
 “ joy the world ourselves. But let us no longer  
 “ observe the duty of man to these irrational crea-  
 “ tures, but survey their connections with one a-  
 “ nother.”

As they walked farther up the country, the  
 more he was surprized to see no vestiges of hand-  
 some houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant  
 design. His conductor perceiving his surprize, ob-  
 served, That the inhabitants of this new world  
 were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity;  
 each had an house, which, though homely, was  
 sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too  
 good to build houses, which could only encrease  
 their own pride, and the envy of the spectator;  
 what they built was for convenience, and not for  
 shew. “ At least, then” said Afem, “ they have  
 “ neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their  
 “ societiy? but these are idle arts, and may be  
 “ spared.

" However, before I spend much more time here,  
 " you shall have my thanks for introducing me  
 " into the society of some of their wisest men:  
 " there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a  
 " refined conversation; there is nothing of which  
 " I am so enamoured as wisdom." " Wisdom!"  
 replied his instructor, " how ridiculous! We  
 " have no wisdom here, for we have no occa-  
 " sion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge  
 " of our own duty, and the duty of others to us;  
 " but of what use is wisdom here? each intuitively  
 " performs what is right in himself, and expects  
 " the same from others. If by wisdom you should  
 " mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as  
 " such pleasures have their origin in vanity, lux-  
 " ury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue  
 " them." " All this may be right," says Asen;  
 " but methinks I observe a solitary disposition pre-  
 " vail among the people; each family keeps sepa-  
 " rately within their own precincts, without so-  
 " ciety, or without intercourse." " That indeed,  
 " is true," replied the other; " here is no esta-  
 " blished society; nor should there be any: all  
 " societies are made either through fear or friend-  
 " ship; the people we are among, are too good  
 " to fear each other; and there are no motives  
 " to private friendship, where all are equally  
 " meritorious." " Well then," said the sceptic,  
 " as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have  
 " neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friend-  
 " ship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of  
 " an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts,  
 O " and

“ and to whom I may communicate mine.” And  
 “ to what purpose should either do this?” says  
 the genius: “ flattery or curiosity are vicious mo-  
 “ tives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom  
 “ is out of the question.”

“ Still, however,” said Afem, “ the inhabitants  
 “ must be happy; each is contented with his own  
 “ possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap  
 “ up more than is necessary for his own subsistence:  
 “ each has therefore leisure for pitying those that  
 “ stand in need of his compassion.” He had scarce  
 spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the la-  
 mentations of a wretch, who sat by the way-side,  
 and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently  
 to murmur at his own misery. Afem immediately  
 ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of  
 a consumption. “ Strange,” cried the son of Adam,  
 “ that men who are free from vice, should thus  
 “ suffer so much misery without relief!” Be not  
 “ surprized,” said the wretch who was dying;  
 “ would it not be the utmost injustice for beings,  
 “ who have only just sufficient to support them-  
 “ selves, and are content with a bare subsistence,  
 “ to take it from their own mouths to put into  
 “ mine? They never are possessed of a single meal  
 “ more than is necessary; and what is barely ne-  
 “ cessary cannot be dispensed with.” They should  
 “ have been supplied with more than is necessary,”  
 cried Afem; “ and yet I contradict my own opi-  
 “ nion but a moment before: all is doubt, per-  
 “ plexity and confusion. Even the want of ingra-  
 “ titude is no virtue here, since they never receiv-  
 “ ed



" ed a favour. They have however, another ex-  
 " cellence yet behind; the love of their country.  
 " is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues."  
 " Peace, Afem," replied the guardian, with a coun-  
 " tenance not less severe than beautiful, " nor for-  
 " feit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same self-  
 " ish motives by which we prefer our own inte-  
 " rest to that of others, induce us to regard our  
 " country preferably to that of another. Nothing  
 " less than universal benevolence is free from vice,  
 " and that you see is practised here." " Strange!  
 cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress;  
 " what sort of a world am I now introduced  
 " to? There is scarce a single virtue but that of tem-  
 " perance which they practise; and in that they  
 " are no way superior to the very brute creation.  
 " There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy;  
 " fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, con-  
 " versation, and love of country, all are virtues  
 " entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to  
 " be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue.  
 " Take me, O my genius back to that very world  
 " which I have despised: a world which has Alla  
 " for its contriver, is much more wisely formed  
 " than that which has been projected by Mahomet.  
 " Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now  
 " suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When  
 " I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only  
 " shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let me  
 " keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assum-  
 ing an air of terrible complacency, called all his  
 thunders

thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Alem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquility, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain: and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

## HISTORY XXI.

**A**LMOST every one who has read at all, has read of heroes, who professed arms in consequence of a solemn vow, who received the honour of knighthood with particular ceremonies, and who from that time went about succouring distressed virgins, and subduing other professors of arms, who appeared to have no business but to perpetrate wrongs, for the champions of virtue to redress; but whence these evil genii, *these discourteous knights*, arose, and how

how virgins came to be in perpetual danger from their attempts, never appeared, till Voltaire withdrew the veil.

All Europe being reduced to a state of anarchy and confusion on the decline of the house of Charlemain, every proprietor of a manor or lordship became a petty sovereign; the mansion house was fortified by a moat, defended by a guard, and called a *castle*. The governor had a party of seven or eight hundred men at his command, and with these he used frequently to make excursions, which commonly ended in a battle with the lord of some petty state of the same kind, whose castle was then pillaged, and the women and treasures born off by the conqueror. During this state of universal hostility, there was no friendly communications between the provinces, nor any high roads from one part of the kingdom to another; the wealthy traders, who then travelled from place to place with their merchandize and their families, were in perpetual danger: the lord of almost every castle extorted something from them on the road; and, at last, some one more rapacious than the rest, seized upon the whole cargo, and bore off the women for his own use.

Thus castles became the warehouses of all kinds of rich merchandize, and the prisons of distressed females, whose fathers or lovers had been plundered or slain, and who being therefore seldom disposed to take the thief or murderer into favour, were in continual danger of a rape.

But as some are always distinguished by virtue  
in

in the most general defection, it happened that many lords insensibly associated to repress these sallies of violence and rapine, to secure property, and protect the ladies. Among these were many lords of great fiefs, and the association was at length strengthened by a solemn vow, and received the sanction of a religious ceremony. By this ceremony they assumed a new character, and became knights. As the first knights were men of the highest rank, and the largest possessions, such having most to lose, and least temptation to steal, the fraternity was regarded with a kind of reverence, even by those against whom it was formed. Admission into the order was deemed the highest honour, many extraordinary qualifications were required in a candidate, and many new ceremonies were added at his creation. After having fasted from sun-rise, confessed himself, and received the sacrament, he was dressed in a white tunic, and placed by himself at a side table, where he was neither to speak, to smile, nor to eat, while the knights and ladies who were to perform the principal parts of the ceremony, were eating, drinking, and making merry at the great table. At night his armour was conveyed to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, and here having watched it till the morning, he advanced with his sword hanging about his neck, and received the benediction of the priest. He then kneeled down before the lady who was to put on his armour, who being assisted by persons of the first rank, buckled on his spurs, put an helmet on his head, and accoutred him with a coat  
of



of mail, a cuirass, brassets, cuisses and gauntlets. Being thus armed cap-a-pie, the knight who dubb'd him struck him three times over the shoulder, with the flat side of his sword, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George. He was then obliged to watch night ~~all~~ in his armour, with his sword girded, and his lance in his hand. From this time the knight devoted himself to the redress of those wrongs which "patient merit of the unworthy takes," to secure merchants from the rapacious cruelty of banditti, and women from ravishers, to whose power they were, by the particular confusion of the times, continually exposed.

From this view of the origin of chivalry it will be easy to account for the castle, the moat, and the bridge, which are found in romances; and as to the dwarf, he was a constant appendage of rank and fortune in those times, and no castle therefore could be without him. The dwarf and a buffoon were then introduced to kill time, as a card table is at present. It will also be easy to account for the multitude of captive ladies, whom the knights, upon seizing a castle, set at liberty, and for the prodigious quantities of useless gold and silver vessels, rich stuffs, and other merchandize, with which many apartments in these castles are said to have been filled.

The principal lords who entered into the confraternity of knights, used to send their sons to each other, to be educated, far from their parents, in the mystery of chivalry. These youths, before they  
arrived

arrived at the age of one and twenty, were called Bachelors, or Bas chevaliers, inferior knights, and at that age they were qualified to receive the order.

These knights who first appeared about the 11th century, flourished most in the time of the Crusades. The feudal lords, who led their vassals under their banner, were called Knights Bannerets. The right of marching troops under their own colours was not the consequence of their knighthood, but of their power. The great privilege of knighthood was neither civil nor military with respect to the state, but consisted wholly in the part assigned them in those sanguinary sports called tournaments, for neither a bachelor nor esquire was permitted to tilt with a knight.

Various orders of knighthood were at length instituted by sovereign princes; the Garter, by Edward III. of England; the Golden Fleece, by Philip the good, duke of Burgundy; and St. Michael, by Lewis XI. of France. From this time ancient chivalry declined to an empty name; when sovereign princes established regular companies in their armies, knights bannerets were no more, tho' it was still thought an honour to be dubbed by a great prince or victorious hero, and all who professed arms without knighthood, assumed the title of Esquire.

There is scarce a prince in Europe that has not thought fit to institute an order of knighthood, and the simple title of Knight, which the kings of England

land confer on private subjects, is a derivation from ancient chivalry, altho' very remote from its source.

As this account of the origin of chivalry will throw great light on Cervantes's description of the knighthood of Don Quixote, and greatly heighten the ridicule of that solemn transaction, this opportunity is taken to insert it.

Don Quixote having put up at an inn, which his phrenzy represented as a castle, and considering that he could not yet atchieve any adventure because he was not knighted, called for the landlord of the inn, whom he supposed to be a knight, with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words. "Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon! that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general." The innkeeper hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: At length, however, he intreated him to rise; but this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him his boon should be granted. "Signor," said Don Quixote, "I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence: I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the order of knighthood. This

P

night

night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, that the morning, as I said, may fulfil my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knights-errant, whose genius, like mine, is strongly addicted to such achievements."

The landlord, who, as we already have observed, was a sort of a wag, and had from the beginning suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter, and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance, informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might choose any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose, where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such an one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked him if he carried any money about with him, and the knight replied, that he had not a soure; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves



felves with any such incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him that he was very much mistaken, and advised him never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispenfible necessities, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn, where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern, beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark.

A carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules, and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: "O thou! whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight, who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever girded himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity."

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which had he regarded his own carcase he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit,  
and

and threw it piecemeal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, then lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addressing himself in all likelihood to his mistress Dulcinea, he said: "Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous achievement." Having uttered this, and some other such ejaculations, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper and all, came running to the field, at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target,

get, and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, "O lady! of transcendent beauty, the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitif knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure." So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began, at a distance, to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight, who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his armour. The inn-keeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off, for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even tho' he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing, that if he had received the honour of knight-hood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. "But as for you, said he, ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance." These words delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck

struck terror into the hearts of the assailants, who, partly from this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack, while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood directly, before any other mischief should happen. He therefore immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned came to the place where Don Quixote stood; then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation: This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony: But, the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

These



These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatch-  
ed, as it were, with post haste, Don Quixote, im-  
patient to see himself on horseback, in quest of  
adventures, saddled and mounted Rosinante forth-  
with, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange  
rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight,  
that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment.  
The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner,  
answered in terms no less eloquent, tho' something  
more laconic, and let him march off in happy hour,  
without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

## HISTORY XXII.

**T**HE annals of Great Britain exemplify num-  
berless instances of the valour, and intrepidi-  
ty, of its naval commanders, and seamen; nor  
can their skill, and coolness of behaviour, in a  
*close and hot engagement*, be equalled by any other  
nation.

The following pathetic narration by Mr. Ives,  
at the taking of Chandernagore, from the French,  
deserves a place in history.

“ Every humane bosom (says he) must commi-  
serate the death of so many gallant British youths  
as fell in this day's action. The killed and wound-  
ed, indeed, on shore were trifling; the enemy were  
so much employed against the ships, that the army  
had but one killed, and ten wounded; but on board  
the two ships they were so numerous, that I would  
willingly forbear any farther mention of so melan-  
choly a scene; but the behaviour of Captain Speke,  
and

and his son, a youth of sixteen years of age, was so truly great and exemplary on this glorious, but melancholy occasion, that I must beg leave to describe it, with some of its most interesting circumstances.

“ When admiral Watfon had the unhappiness to fee Captain Speke and his fon fall in the fame instant, he immediately went up to them, and, by the most tender and pathetic expreffions, tried to alleviate their diftrefs. The Captain, who had obferved his fon’s leg hanging only by the fkin, faid to the Admiral, “ Indeed, Sir, this was a cruel fhoot, to knock down both the father and the fon ! Mr Watfon’s heart was too full to make the leaft reply; he only ordered them both to be carried down immediately to the furgeon. The Captain was firft brought down to me \* in the after-hold, where a platform had been made; and then told me how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Prefently after, the brave youth himfelf appeared, but had another narrow efcape; the quarter-mafter who was bringing him down in his arms after his father, being killed by a cannon-ball. His eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his father’s fate. I laboured to affure him that his father’s wound was not dangerous; and this affertion was confirmed by the Captain himfelf. He feemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me *upon my honour*, and I had repeated to him my firft affurance in the moft pofitive manner. He

\* *Mr. Ives was furgeon of Admiral Watfon’s fhip at that time.*

He then immediately became calm; but on my attempting to inquire into the nature of his wound, he solicitously asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the Captain's wound had been already taken care of. Then (replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow-sufferer) pray, Sir, look to, and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me. "I told him that he already had been taken care of, and begged of him, with some importunity, that I now might have liberty to examine his wound. He submitted to it, and calmly observed, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint." I replied, my dear I must, ---- Upon which, he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner towards heaven, he offered up the following short but earnest petition: "Good God, do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy of my father's son! When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that he was all submission' I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee! but during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, or uttered a groan, that could be heard at a yard's distance.

"The reader may easily imagine what, in this dreadful interval, the brave but unhappy Captain suffered, who lay just by his darling and unfortunate son. But whatever were his feelings, he discovered no other expressions of them but what the silent, trickling tears declared; though the bare  
 Q. recollection

recollection of the scene, even at this distant time, is too painful for me. Both the father and the son, the day after the action, were sent back with the wounded to Calcutta. The father was lodged at the house of his brother-in-law, and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort, by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy: and in the like manner I gratified the son in regard to the father. But alas! from that time all the good symptoms which had hitherto attended this unparalelled youth, began to disappear. The Captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his his boy was in; nor did he ever after ask me more than two questions concerning him: so tender was the subject to us both. The first was on the tenth day, in these words; "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty? I replied, that if he lived to the fifteenth day of the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth he died; and on the sixteenth, the brave man, looking me steadfastly in the face, said, "Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?" ---- I could make him no reply; and he attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly; squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to see me again; and assured me I should find him with a different countenance from that he troubled me with at present. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene.

The



The excellent youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died; and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me a note, written by himself with a pencil, of which the following is a copy;

"If Mr Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is told he is dying, and is yet in doubt whether his father is not in as good a state of health.---If Mr Ives is not too busy to honour this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me.---- The boy waits an answer."

Immediately on the receipt of this note I visited him, and he had still sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me ---- "And is he dead?" --- "Who, my dear? ---" "My father, Sir." --- "No, my love, nor is he in any danger, I assure you, he is almost well. ---" "Thank God! Then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die." At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress; but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered. He begged my pardon for having (as he politely expressed it) disturbed me at so early an hour: and before the day was ended he surrendered up a valuable life.

Captain Speke was confined to his bed and chamber for some weeks after the action; nor did he perfectly recover from his wound: at times he was in a great deal of danger. At length he took his passage to England, leaving behind him the character of a gallant officer, and a complete gentleman.

tleman. He afterwards commanded the Resolution, of 70 guns, in the memorable engagement off Belle-isle, when Sir Edward, Hawke defeated the French fleet, and particularly distinguished himself by obliging the French Rear Admiral in the Formidable to strike to him, though greatly superior in force to his own: for which bravery, the gallant Admiral, embraced him, and thanking him, told him, *he had behaved like an angel*. The Resolution, in the night succeeding the action, was wrecked on a shoal called Le Four; but the captain with the crew were providentially saved. Captain Speke afterwards returned to England, and for a while enjoyed, in quiet, those applauses which the public justly bestowed on his superior merit. He was afterwards appointed captain of the Modeste, and once more went to sea; but before he could render any further services to his country, he died at Lisbon, in the forty-third year of his age, to the general loss of his country.

## HISTORY XXIII.

**S**CHAH ABBAS, at the beginning of his reign was more luxurious than became so great a prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire, by the variety of dishes at his table; some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian gulph, others from the Oxus and Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of re-  
spect

spect to the sanctity of his office: but instead of falling to, and eating heartily, as *holy men* are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Schah Abbas, surpris'd at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company: he would fain have been excus'd; but the sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint them with the cause of his disorder.

Know then, said he, O monarch of the earth, that, when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather vision, which was sent me from the prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest heaven, where the messenger of God, on whom be peace! was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand.

It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered, to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels, some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared, such constant waste was made of them, that, unless

less a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they instantly to his tribunal brought thee, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men: when it was found to be just of the common size, he permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of their destroyer; but, before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; so ill-proportioned was the offender to the offence.

This story made such an impression on the sophi, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

## HISTORY XXIV.

THE Sultan *Adhim*, unwearied in the search of knowledge, resolved to disguise himself, and visit the renowned Dervise *Phesoj Ecneps*. A spiral path winding round the mountains of *Sumatra*, brought him at length to the shady groves, the hallowed retreat of sanctity and virtue.

The Sun had nearly finished his course, when the good Dervise met the travelling Sultan and his companions, and hospitably entreated them to enter his homely cottage, where, after a frugal meal, they retired to their repose. The evening was spent, like the morning, in viewing the delightful prospects around the cottage of the Dervise, and sometimes



times resting on the seats placed for the reception of his guests. Each seat supplied the good Dervise with an opportunity of inculcating some moral and religious truth, or holding to the view of his pupils some eminent example of virtue or friendship.

Several weeks passed thus agreeably, and the Sultan was every day so much enamoured with the delightful recess of the good Dervise, that he had little desire to return to his palace at *Orez*: However, the more he admired the lessons of virtue, the more he saw the necessity of putting her maxims in practice. At this juncture, an hasty messenger arrived in the grove where they were retired. This messenger was *Bereddan*, the son of the Emir *Holam*, who in the garb of a poor peasant, had wandered from *Raglai* in search of his master.

“ Ah, said the Sultan, starting, who art thou, O thou young man? why art thou cloathed in these mean garments? and why doth thy face betray so much anxiety of heart?”

“ Alas, answered *Bereddan*, once lord of all thy slaves, but now a traitor deemed in his own realms, flight only can preserve my royal master from the fury of his usurper *Lemack*, who hath bribed the tribes of *Xeri*, and the captains of thine host, to call him Sultan of *Persia*. One of their number, repenting of his intended crime, came hastily to me, and told me, ere an hour was passed, the troops to which he belonged, were to surround my father's dwelling, and having made him their guide to you, my lord, they were to strike off his head,  
with

with the head of my Sultan, and bring them both to *Lemack's* court at *Orez*.

" Astonished at the vile command, I called a peasant into my father's palace, and changing garments with him, while *Holam* escaped in a different disguise, I bid him make what use he pleased of my more dangerous trappings, and mounted on an arabian courser, I rode both day and night to save my royal master's life. The fleet and noble beast bore me with what speed he could, till I arrived within two leagues of this habitation, where fainting through loss of strength, I was constrained to leave him, and have happily explored this deep recess, which, with all its secrecy, can never long hide my prince from *Lemack's* malice."

The Astonishment of *Adim* the sultan, was not greater at the recital of *Bereddan's* tale, than was the wonder of the good Dervise, when he perceived that he had been entertaining the Sultan of Persia in his humble cottage; he fell immediately at the feet of *Adim*, and besought his pardon for the boldness of his speech; but the generous Sultan, seeing him on the earth, stooped to raise him up, and assured him, he should ever hold him chief in his esteem.

A hollow noise, like the feet of horses hasting through the wood, increased the consternation of *Adim* and his friends; and they all advised him to strike through the most unfrequented paths, and conceal himself in some remote part of the forest, till the rebel troops should be withdrawn from the groves and country which surrounded the good Dervise *Phefoj Ecneps*.

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The monarch hastened from the presence of his friends, while *Bereddan* and *Mirglip* were disputing which ought to follow their lord, and which remain with the good Dervise of the groves. At length, *Bereddan*, prevailed on *Mirglip* to remain with *Pbesoj Ecneps* and his wife *Nourenhi*, and the son of the Emir endeavoured to follow the footsteps of his wandering lord.

*Adhim* flew swiftly to the neighbouring woods, where he penetrated into the thickest part of the forest, but not without frequent alarms from the wild beasts that surrounded him.

At the close of the evening he entered a deep valley, and at the foot of a mountain found a small opening, which led him under its side. Dubious of his course, he knew not whether he might safely enter the cavern or not, as it was probable, some beast of the forest did use it as a den.

In the midst of his doubt he heard a voice calling unto him, “ *Adhim!* thou lord of *Persia* fear not!

The voice from the cavern did rather increase the dread of *Adhim* than encourage him to enter, and he essayed to run away, when a small figure appeared at its entrance.

“ *Adhim*, said *Nadan*, fear not, I am the guardian of this forest, and the friend to virtue.”

“ Whoever thou art, said *Adhim*, if thy heart is warmed by virtue’s sacred flame, thou canst not deal inhospitably by a stranger.”

“ *Adhim* indeed, said *Nadan*, is wretched, and though deserving of compassion, yet not free from

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error:

error: Born for thy people's happiness, thy noble heart mistook its pleasures: Survey the wide extended earth, its steep form'd rocks, and mountains raised beyond the clouds: yet these, tremendous to a human eye, are to the globe, no more than insects on the rind of yon majestic cedar; what then are all the labours of thy puny race, unless some future good to man do sanctify the builder's toil? What, but the weak effect of blind erroneous pride, mistaking both the means and end of what it aims to compass? Pride, indeed, directed to its proper object, is noble; or rather, to form my speech in fitter terms, I should call it emulation, and the brave spirit of a godlike soul, which stirs your race to every exercise of virtue. But think not, Sultan, that in the sequestered vale alone, dwells virtue. No, the first great gift we can bestow on others, is a good example. Can the man who breaks a parent's heart, and curses those whom first he's bound to bless, be ever deem'd a friend sincere by those who know him? Sooner shall man stab man to feed the hungry lion's mouth, and call his murder, charity." Then learn, the first advance to real fame is private virtue. Hence springs temperance in yourself, to others justice. Hence the sweet calm of an approving conscience, more valuable than the loud applause of tumult or of multitudes."

"Noble stranger, answered *Adhim*, I admire thy gentle and deserved reproofs, and doubt not, but some superior being animates thy frame."

"I am indeed, said *Nadan*, of that celestial  
race,



race, which watches o'er the actions of mankind; who may advise, but cannot force the human will. But Prince, awhile forget the base pursuit of *Lemack* and his ruffians; to night within this cavern rest your wearied limbs, secure from danger or surprize; for this retreat is impervious to all, but those that are the friends to virtue."

Thus saying, the Genius *Nadan* led the Sultan into his cavern, which, though narrow in its entrance, was within both beautiful and spacious. Elegant spars and stones polished by nature, formed the inside of the cavern, which was enlightened by a magnificent diamond that hung in the middle, and which reflected its bright luster on the stones around it. *Nadan* set before his guest the fruits of the forest, and when the evening came, he invited him to repose his wearied limbs upon the sofas of rest, which were placed at the extremity of the cavern.

The sun, at the first approach of day, cast its bright beams into the cavern, and awakened the sultan, who immediately rose, and having searched the cavern in vain for his benefactor, began his course toward the city of *Raglai*; he travelled all day, and at night he climbed up into a tree to rest.

To prevent being discovered, he resolved to stain his face with some berries, to cut his beard like a *Calendar* and to procure a garment suitable to the profession which he had assumed. As the disguised Sultan entered the city, he perceived a crowd, and saw at a distance the publick cryer.

" Friend,

" Friend, said he, to a by-stander what doth this cryer offer to the publick ?

" Ten thousand sequins, answered the man, to him who will bring the head of the traitor *Adhim*, to our lord the Sultan *Lemack*."

" Alas answered the Sultan, when I last visited this city, *Adhim* was Sultan, how then is he become a traitor ? I dare not, answered the man, hold further conversation with you here, but if you will follow me you shall hear more than you imagine." The disguised Sultan rejoiced at this fortunate event, and followed the stranger through several streets and lanes, till at length he stopped at a baker's shop.

" Here, whispered he, friend of *Adhim*, thou shalt have security and ease. Enter fearless, and partake of such entertainment as I have; while I unravel to you some mysteries, that will surprise and rejoice you." The Sultan entered with pleasure, and the baker set before him some cakes and sherbet, and begged of him to eat freely. *Adhim* supposing he should shortly be able to reward the baker very handsomely for his services, eat heartily of what was set before him.

" Our good Sultan, said the baker, as they sat together, had won the hearts of all his subjects; and the whole city laments the tyrannies of *Lemack*. Was *Adhim* so much beloved then, said the disguised Sultan? You know but little of *Adhim* the magnificent, answered the other, to ask such a question. Yes, replied the Sultan, I think I know him now; though I confess I knew him but lately. And where then, replied the baker elated, where

where is our beloved Sultan concealed? bring me to my royal master, that I may honour him as I ought. Perhaps, said the disguised Sultan, ere long we may be able to shew him to his injured subjects. It is enough said the baker, I will go to fetch several, who are as much friends to *Adhim* as myself. The perfidious baker hastened out of the house, and in a short time returned with a great crowd at his heels. "There my friends, said he, this is the man, who dares prefer the slothful *Adhim* to *Lemack*. the guards instantly seized him, and having conducted him to the palace, enquired for their sultan; but *Lemack*, who was so-lacing himself in the seraglio, ordered the prisoner to be cast that night into the dungeon at the foot of the rock, and the next morning to be brought before him. The captive Sultan entered the gloomy dungeon with firmness and intrepidity; and the guards having chained him to the wall, barred the prison doors and retired.

"Oh, Prophet, said the enraged Sultan, fighting, ought but this I could have borne. Yet, said he, pausing, I will be cool: Once Lord of *Persia*, now an iron-fettered slave. Here immured, within these walls I once possessed, confined by dungeons which I raised myself, and fastened to a chain I made for others, I'll learn the weakness and the pride of man, and bear with equal temperance, the evils and the smiles of life. With such thoughts did *Adhim* calm his impetuous temper, waiting the return of morning; when he saw a female enter the prison, with a lamp burning in her hand, and kneeling

kneeling, kindly offered to loose him from his chains.

In the midst of his surprise, the vile *Lemack* entered the dungeon, supported by *Colac* the keeper, holding a bloody scymitar in his hand.

"Slave, said he to *Colac*, where is this rebel, other sultans leave the execution of their orders to the meanest of mankind, but they who hope to have them well performed, should act the executioner themselves. Yet, ah! said he starting, whom have we here; dost thou thus solace thy prisoners, and makest a seraglio of my dungeon!" *Colac* surprised to see his daughter here, was about to answer him, when the tyrant struck his scymitar into his heart, and groaning fell with the murdered *Colac* to the ground. *Adhim* perceiving no one came to the tyrants assistance, seized his scymitar, and was about to strike it in his heart, but seeing him breathless, he forbore, and turning to the damsel, who was lamenting over her expiring parent, said, "Damsel I admire your filial piety and tenderness, but the time is big with strange events, wherefore rise, and know that it is *Adhim* that demands your aid." The damsel astonished, fell at his feet, and was about to reply; but he obliged her to rise, and taking off the royal vestments from the dead usurper, he put them on himself, and commanding the virgin not to make an alarm, he ascended into the court of the palace with the bloody scymitar in his hand, and arrived at the seraglio unmolested.

The Sultan then ascended the royal couch, and stamped to the ground, to call the eunuchs before him.



him. It was some time before any durst venture into the chamber, such dread had they of *Lemack's* drunken madness. At length the Emirs came trembling, and their faces covered, and fell prostrate before the royal couch. *Adhim* then arose, and discovered to his wondering friends their long lost Sultan. For some moments they gazed in silent transports; but recovering from their surprise, they did obeisance to their royal Sultan.

The first movers of the sedition being confined, *Adhim* commanded the trumpets to proclaim the arrival of the lawful Sultan of *Persia*.

The citizens rejoiced at the happy exchange, and cried with one voice, "Long live *Adhim* the magnificent, our lawful Sultan!"

## HISTORY XXV.

EVERY age, every history, both sacred and profane, has left it on record, that the mightiest possessors of wealth and grandeur that the world ever saw, have been sorely wounded by the arrows of discontent and misfortunes.

The famous *Croesus*, whose very name has continued ever since a proverb for immense riches, was a remarkable instance. Solon, a philosopher, being on a visit to this king, *Croesus* ordered all his riches to be shewed him, and then asked him, whom in all his travels he had found the happiest man, expecting that he would have named himself, but Solon replying, "One *Tellus*, a certain Athenian, of no great fortune, but a very honest and good

good man, and who died gloriously in fighting for his country." Cræsus seemed much surprized; however, flattering himself of being ranked in the second degree of happiness, he asked him, "Who, of all those he had seen was the next in felicity to Tellus." Solon answered, "Cleobis and Biton, of Argus, two brothers, who had left behind them a perfect pattern of fraternal affection, and of the respect due from children to their parents: for upon a solemn festival, when their mother, a priestess of Juno, was to go to the temple, the oxen that were to draw her not being ready, the two sons put themselves to the yoke, and drew their mother's chariot thither, which was above five miles distant. When the sacrifice was over, the two sons fell asleep in the very temple, and there died in a soft and peaceful slumber. In honour of their piety, the people of Argos consecrated statues to them in the temple of Delphos.

"What then (says Cræsus in a tone that shewed his discontent) you don't reckon me in the number of the happy?" Solon, who was not willing either to flatter, or exasperate him any further, reply'd calmly; "King of Lydia, besides many other advantages, the Gods have given us Grecians a spirit of moderation and reserve, which hath produced among us, a plain and popular kind of philosophy, accompanied with a certain generous freedom, void of pride or ostentation, and therefore not well suited to the courts of kings: This philosophy, considering what a number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is liable to, does not  
allow

allow us either to glory in any prosperity we enjoy ourselves, or to admire happiness in others, which, perhaps, may prove only transient, or superficial." From hence he took occasion to represent to him further, "That the life of man seldom exceeds seventy years, which makes up in all six thousand two hundred and fifty days, of which two are not exactly alike; so that the time to come is nothing but a series of various accidents which cannot be foreseen. Therefore, in our opinion, continued he, no man can be esteemed happy, but he whose happiness GOD continues to the end of his life: As for others, who are perpetually exposed to a thousand dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain; as the crown is to a person that is still engaged in battle, and has not yet obtained the victory." Solon retired, when he had spoken these words, which served only to mortify Cræsus, but not to reform him.

It was not long before Cræsus experienced the truth of what Solon had told him. He had two sons; one of which being dumb, was a perpetual subject of affliction to him; the other named Atys, was distinguished by every good quality, and his great consolation and delight. The father dreamed one night, which made a great impression upon his mind, that this beloved son of his was to perish by iron. This became a new source of anxiety and trouble; and care is taken to remove out of the young prince's way, every thing made of iron, as partezans, lances, javelins, &c. No mention is made of armies, wars, or sieges before him. But  
S
one

one day there was to be an extraordinary hunting match, for the killing of a wild boar, which had committed great ravage in the neighbourhood. All the young lords of the court were to be at this hunting. Atys very earnestly importuned his father, that he would give him leave to be present, at least as a spectator. The king could not refuse him that request, but let him go under the care of a discreet, sober young prince, who had taken refuge in his court, and was named Adrastus. And this very Adrastus, as he was aiming to fling his javelin at the boar, unfortunately killed Atys. 'Tis impossible to express either the affliction of the father, when he heard of this fatal accident, or of the unhappy prince, the innocent author of the murder, who expiated his fault with his blood, stabbing himself in the breast with his own sword, upon the funeral pile of the unfortunate Atys.

And not long after, Cræsus saw all his vast riches plundered, his kingdom taken from him, and himself made a captive. But the annals of Ethiopia furnish us with a still more striking instance, of the insufficiency of riches and human greatness, to purchase happiness, even for a few days; for they record of one of their greatest kings, That in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile, thus said to himself, "At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines,



fines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy  
 enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in  
 thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is  
 obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, nu-  
 merous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as  
 the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored  
 with ammunition, thy treasuries overflow with the  
 tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon  
 thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy  
 nod is as the earthquake that shakes the moun-  
 tains, and thy smiles as the dawn of vernal day. In  
 thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy  
 health is the health of millions. Thy palace is  
 gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path per-  
 fumed by the breath of benediction. Thy sub-  
 jects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger  
 or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou  
 partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why should-  
 est thou only forbear to rejoice in this general feli-  
 city? Why should thy heart be heavy with fear,  
 or thy face clouded with anxiety, when the meanest  
 of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to  
 festivity, and the night to peace? At length, Seged,  
 reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest,  
 but safety? Why are riches collected, but to pur-  
 chase happiness?"

Seged then ordered his house of pleasure, built  
 in the island of the lake Dambia, to be prepared  
 for his reception. "I will retire," says he, "for  
 ten days from tumult and care, from councils and  
 decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of governors of  
 nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be de-  
 nied

nied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambia, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colour to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive, or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be fated with felicity.

They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: Their passage was cheered with musick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harrassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation encreased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, 'till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such, said Seged sighing, is the longest day of human existence: Before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret, which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all inclination  
to

to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured for the sake of his attendants to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes till the next morning, and lay down upon his bed, to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict importing, that whoever during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambia.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent and sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objections were made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by  
clamorous



clamorous exultation. He at last retired to his chamber, and threw himself on the bed, but was repeatedly disturbed by frightful dreams, and he started up with horror. He rose, and felt a conviction of the uncertainty of all human schemes, yet, again, resolved to be happy to-morrow.

On the fourth morning Seged arose, and entered his garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and said in his heart, " This day shall be a day of pleasure." He roved from walk to walk, listened to the singers, or mingled with the dancers: Thus the day rolled on in harmless luxury, when they were all suddenly alarmed, and flying in confusion from a young crocodile who was ranging in wantonness or hunger. Seged chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade the company to stay, or free their hearts from their late terrors. The next day he invited all the companions of his retreat, to unbounded pleasantries, by proposing prizes for those who should distinguish themselves by any festive performances; at the display of so many rich prizes, every eye sparkled, and every tongue celebrated the magnificence of the emperor: But, alas! here again was disappointment, and Seged observed with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself, and that the contest occasioned quarrels and disputes, and he had the mortification to over-hear one of the most flattering of his courtiers, charging him with weakness, and extravagance; which, at first prompted him to revenge, but it soon subsided, and the remembrance of his clemency cheered him, when he recollected,  
that

that it is impossible to gain the friendship of every man.

On the eighth morning Seged was awaked by a servant, who informed him that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness: Here was an end of jollity: All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war, and the cares of government. This narrative he bequeathed to future generations, that no man may hereafter presume to say, "This day shall be a day of happiness."

## HISTORY XXVI.

**T**HERE have been frequent instances, in history, of persons of very mean and obscure parentage, arriving at the highest pinnacle of honour and preferment; by mere dint of application and indefatigable exertions, joined with prudence and good conduct, which generally insure success, and are attended with the blessing of God, who *raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy from the dunghill, to set him amongst the princes of his people.* Psalm 113. verse 7. 8.

We find few persons, whose lives abound with examples more worthy of imitation, or afford a greater variety of remarkable incidents, than that of Pope Sixtus the fifth.

He was born in a village in the Signiory of Montalto, from which he took his title, when he

was

was made cardinal: his father was obliged to leave his country for some crime he had been guilty of, which he did without much reluctance, and he had nothing to live upon, but what he earned by the sweat of his brow. The night after his father went away, he went to advise with his uncle, who recommended him to a rich old gentleman, who was so pleased with his diligence and fidelity, that he gave him a favourite servant maid to wife, by whom he had two sons and a daughter.

During his infancy, he was twice in so much danger, that his life was despaired of; the first time, was by the small-pox, and he once fell from the top of a building, and broke both his legs and arms. His parents were unable, from their poverty, to give him an education, and when he was nine years old, his father hired him to a neighbour, to look after his sheep; and though the employment was disagreeable to him, yet he would not disobey his father, by refusing it. His master being once angry with him, took him from the care of his sheep, and set him to preside over his hogs: so disagreeable a change would have thrown him into despair, if it had continued long, but he was soon delivered from this vile occupation, by an accident, wholly unforeseen, and which looks something like a miracle. He always loved to be in the company of his betters, and was so fond of those of religious houses, that, whenever he saw any of them at a distance, he would run to meet and salute them with all the civility and complaisance he could; which, happily, by the favour of  
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Providence,

Providence, was the foundation of all his future greatness: to such minute, and seemingly, accidental circumstances, is often owing that continual stream of success or adversity, which so remarkably attends some men through the whole course of their lives.

A Franciscan friar, going to preach, in the Lent season, and coming to four lane ends, could not tell which to take, but was looking round for somebody to direct him: when little Felix, who was attending his hogs, just by, saw the friar in distress, he ran to salute him, making him a tender of his service: the friar cheerfully accepted it, and asked him the road to Ascoli; "I'll soon shew you the way thither," said he, and immediately began to run before him: as they went along, the answers he gave to the friar's questions were so smart and pertinent, and accompanied with so much good humour, that he was charmed with him, and could not conceive whence a child of so mean an employment, should have such a share of sense and good manners. When the friar got into the road again, he thanked Felix for his trouble, and would have dismissed him with an alms, but he kept running forwards, without seeming to take any notice of what he said, which obliged the friar to ask him in a jocular manner, whether "he designed to go with him quite to the town." Yes, says Felix, not only to Ascoli, but to the end of the world, with a great deal of pleasure," and took this opportunity to tell him that, "the poor circumstances of his parents would not allow them

to



to send him to school as he desired; that he earnestly wished that somebody belonging to a convent would take him as a waiting boy, and he would serve him to the utmost of his power, provided he would teach him to read." To try the boy a little further, he asked him, "if he would take upon him the habit of the order: Felix answered "he would, and though the friar told him, of all the mortifications and austerities he would be obliged to suffer, he replied, "he would willingly suffer the pains of purgatory itself, if he would make him a scholar:" the priest, surprized at his answer, resolved to take him along with him, so continuing their journey, they arrived at the convent. The fraternity received their preacher with great civility, but were surprized to see him attended by a poor boy: however, when he told them the whole affair, and they had asked him several questions, they thought him more extraordinary than the friar had represented him, and the whole brotherhood, conjured the warden "not to overlook so remarkable an interposition of providence, when his attention to it perhaps might be the means of raising up a man that would hereafter be an honour to their order." The warden was of the same opinion, and sent a friar to obtain his parent's consent, that he should put on the habit. When he had been only two years in the convent, he could read and explain any latin author, and often put other scholars to the blush, by his superior diligence and quickness of understanding. He was admitted to the order of St. Francis at 14 years of age, and unassisted by the power

power of family connections, he was made a Cardinal, and at length, by affecting to be much older, and more infirm than he really was, and by dissimulation, in affecting an indifference to the Papedom, and all earthly honours, he was elected Pope; all the Cardinals supposing, that a person, apparently so infirm, would soon make room for a successor; but as soon as he was elected Pope, he threw a staff, with which he used to support himself, into the middle of the chapel, and appeared taller by a foot than he had done for several years, to the amazement, and mortification of the Cardinals, who already began to repent having elected him: and indeed he often afterwards treated them very roughly. One of them once said to him, seeing him sitting so erect upon his throne, "Your holiness seems quite a different sort of man from what you were a few hours ago." "Yes, says he, I was then looking for the keys of Paradise, which obliged me to stoop a little; but now I have found them, it is time to look upwards." He was often charged with cruelty, when he only administered strict and impartial justice. It had been a custom, on the coronation day, to release all malefactors, and set the prisoners free: But he ordered them to be executed before his face, though several of them, were nearly related to the Cardinals, and first families in Rome. Cardinal Cæsarino had formerly been a great friend to Sixtus, but had always led a most profligate and debauched life, so that his country house was used to be called, *the den of thieves*.  
Now, whilst the See was vacant, three most notorious

torious villains (his friends) surrendered themselves, hoping to obtain their pardon, and to be discharged as was usual at the coronation: Cæsarino, hearing that the Pope had punished, and not pardoned the felons, waited on the Pope to solicit their pardon; but Sixtus, after acknowledging his former obligations to him, thus addressed him. " We have long been acquainted, Cæsarino, with your scandalous course of life; and all the world knows what shelter and encouragement you have given to these reprobates. As your infamy is become so notorious, we are obliged (Heaven knows with what concern) to condemn you to die a violent and ignominious death by the ax. There is no occasion for a process, your own conscience, and the notoriety of your crimes are sufficient witnesses against you; and the strict regard we have for justice, obliges us to be your judge. But the Divine Providence, inspires us with mercy, that you may lead a new life. We now say, the present Cæsarino lives a life that was given him by Sixtus V; but remember, that we will punish the crimes you are hereafter guilty of with the greatest severity: and we likewise pass the following sentence, *That the country house of Cæsarino where the banditti have usually assembled, shall be demolished to the very foundation, upon which, a gallows shall be erected, and the three criminals hanged upon it.*

Whilst he was a monk, he composed a diary, in which he daily set down the transactions that fell under his observations: One of which was, that when he was a batchelor in divinity, and resided at  
Maceretta,

Maceretta, he went one day to a shoe-maker's shop, to buy a pair of shoes; after disputing about the price, Montalto said, "perhaps, I shall be able to give you another Julio some time or other, Yes," replied the shoe-maker, when you come to be Pope, I suppose?" That I will, said Montalto, with all my heart, and pay you interest for your money too. The shoemaker agreed, and Montalto told him, that he would be sure to remember the bargain, which set the shoe-maker a laughing.

When he met with this occurrence, in looking over his journal, he ordered the shoe-maker to be brought up to Rome, guarded by an officer. As it was above 40 years since the affair happened, the man had quite forgot it, and could not conceive the meaning of being sent for by his Holiness.

As soon as he arrived at Rome, he was introduced into the Pope's presence, who asked him, "If he had ever seen him at Maceretta." The poor shoemaker almost frightened out of his wits, said, "Never, that he recollected." No, says Sixtus, don't you remember that I once bought a pair of shoes of you there? The shoe-maker, more confounded than ever, said "He knew nothing of the matter." "Well then, says the Pope, I must remember for you. You formerly sold me a pair of shoes, in the price of which, you gave me credit for a Julio, that I promised to pay you with interest when I was Pope; now that is come to pass, I have a mind to be as good as my word;" and immediately ordered his majordomo to pay him both principal and interest. When the poor shoe-maker



maker returned to his countrymen, who waited impatiently at the gates, to know on what account he was sent for, he told them, "His holiness had sent for him, only to pay him three Julios; complaining, that his journey would cost him 40 crowns.

Sixtus laughed heartily, when his spies told him of the shoemaker's behaviour, and sending for him back again, enquired, of him if he had a son; and answering, "That he had one, who was in orders," The Pope bid him send for him, and finding upon enquiry, that he was a man of very good character he gave him a bishoprick in the kingdom of Naples. When the shoemaker came to return thanks, Sixtus said to him, "We hope you are now satisfied for the use of your Julio."

Sixtus, soon after his coronation, sent for his sister to Rome: The cardinals dressed her very fine, and took her to the Vatican, But when the Pope saw her in that tawdry habit, he pretended not to know her, and asked who she was, on being told it was his sister. "My Sister!" said he, with a frown, I have but one sister, and she is a poor woman, if you have introduced her in this disguise, I declare I don't know her, yet I think I should know her again, if I was to see her in such clothes as she used to wear." and immediately left the room.

She was afterwards introduced to him in her own dress, and he received her very affectionately, and provided handsomely for her children.

It would exceed the limits of our design, to mention all the actions of this extraordinary man, who died after a short reign, on the 27th of August 1590.

HISTORY

## HISTORY XXVII.

**W**E have many accounts left us by the ancients of the terrible devastations committed by serpents. It is probable, in early times, when the arts were little known, and mankind were but thinly scattered over the earth, that serpents, continuing undisturbed possessors of the forest, grew to an amazing magnitude; and every other tribe of animals fell before them. We are told, that while Regulus led his army along the banks of the river Bagrada in Africa, an enormous serpent disputed his passage over. We are assured by Pliny, who says that he himself saw the skin, that it was one hundred and twenty feet long, and that it had destroyed many of the army. At last, the battering engines were brought against it, and these assailing it at a distance, it was soon destroyed. Its spoils were carried to Rome, and the skin was kept for several years in the Capitol.

A young gentleman lately sent the following account to his friends.

Some time since, the commands of my directors carrying me to Ceylon, to transact an affair of no little consequence, I had an apartment prepared for me on the skirts of the principal town facing the woods; at some distance from my window there was a rising ground, on which stood three or four very large palm-trees, that afforded me every morning as I lay in bed a delightful prospect. One morning, as I was looking at these, I

saw,

saw, as I thought, a large arm of one of them in strange commotions, bending and twisting about, though there was no wind, and often striking one end to the earth, then raising it again, and losing it among the leaves. I was gazing at this with great amazement, when a Ceyloneſe coming in, I begged he would look at it, but when he ſaw it, he was much more amazed and terrified than I; in ſhort, a paleneſs overſpread his face, and he ſeemed almoſt ſinking to the earth with terror. He ordered me to bar all my doors; and told me, what appeared to be an arm of a tree to me, was really a ſerpent of that monſtrous ſize, diverting itſelf there with its various commotions, and now and then darting down to the earth for prey. I ſoon found out the truth of what he told me, and looking more nearly, ſaw it ſeize a ſmall animal before me, and take it up into the tree. Enquiring after this miracle, the Ceyloneſe told me, that the wonder was only that the creature was ſo near us, for that it was a ſerpent, but too well known on the iſland; but that it uſually kept in the inland parts and woods, where it often dropt down from the covert of a large tree, and devoured a traveller alive. A relation ſo ſtrange as this could never have gained credit with me, but that I plainly ſaw before my eyes a creature from its ſize capable of doing more than was related. The monſter, Sir, continued diverting himſelf till we aſſembled a body of twelve of us, to go on Horſe-back well armed to deſtroy him. We rode up toward the place in a body; but, not to expoſe ourſelves

to unnecessary dangers, we surrounded the ground, and rode behind a close thicket, from whence we might unseen level our fire-arms at him. It was by this time the heat of the day, and when we arrived there, we found him so much larger than we had conceived, that we all wished ourselves safe at home again; and it was a long time before any body dar'd fire a gun. We had now time to observe the creature, and believe me, Sir, all the descriptions of monsters of this kind hitherto given are trifles to the truth of what we saw in him. The Ceylonefe all agreed he was much larger than any they had ever seen, and such a mixture of horror and of beauty together, no eye but that which saw it, can conceive. The creature, Sir, was more than as thick as a slender man's waist, yet seemed far from fat, and very long in proportion to his thickness; often hanging himself by the tail from the highest boughs of the tree, and reaching the ground with his head. He was most surprisngly agile and nimble, and was now diverting himself in the heat of the day with a thousand gambols round the branches of the tree, and sometimes would come down and twist his tail round the bottom of the trunk, throwing himself to his whole length all round it. In the midst of one of these gambols, we were surpris'd to see him get up in haste into the tree; but the cause soon appeared, a small animal of the foxkind, but not like our English foxes, coming immediately after it, the serpent had seen him coming, and took this way to be prepared for him.

He



He darted down upon the unwary creature from the tree, and sucked him in in a few minutes, then licked his chops with a broad double tongue of a blackish colour, and laid himself at his ease at length upon the ground, but with his tail still twisted round the tree. In this posture I had leisure with horror, yet with admiration to behold him. He was covered all over with scales like those of a Crocodile, all rigged up in the middle; his head was green, with a vast black spot in the middle, and yellow streaks round the jaws; he had a yellow circle like a golden collar round his neck, and behind that another great spot of black. His sides were of a dusky olive colour, and his back more beautiful than can be well imagined; there run down the middle of it, Sir, a broad chain of black, curl'd and waved at the edges; round this there runs all the way, a narrow one of flesh colour, and on the outside of that a very broad one of a bright yellow, not straight like a ribband, but waved and curl'd in various inflections, and spotted all over at small distances, with great, round and long blotches of a perfect blood colour; his head was very flat, but extremely broad, and his eyes monstrously large and very bright and terrible.

These, Sir, were his colours as he lay still, but when he moved about in the sun he was a thousand times more beautiful; the colours, according to the several shades of the light, presenting the eye with a vast variety of mixtures, and in many places looking like our changeable colours in silks.

We

We now all aimed our pieces at him as he lay, and fired at his head all at the same instant; but whether he accidentally moved just at that time, or our fears made us take bad aim, or whatever else might be the cause, we either missed him or never hurt him; in short, he took no sort of notice of it, and after a council of war, we all agreed to make no farther attempt upon him at that time, but to go home, and return with a stronger party the next day.

The Ceyloneſe ſeemed to know the creature well, they call it Anocando, and talk of eating its fleſh when they caught it, as they had no ſmall hopes of this; for, they ſay, when one of theſe creatures chuſes a tree for his dwelling, he ſeldom quits it of a long time. I detained my company of Ceyloneſe to dine with me, and the afternoon was ſpent in relating the amazing things which one or other of the company had ſeen of this ſort of monſters, in ſhort, they told a thouſand things that far outwent my credulity; but I am to inform you, that what we ſaw the following day as much exceeded all they had told me, as what they told ſeemed to exceed truth and probability. It ſeems the conſtant cuſtom of this creature is to lay wait for its prey, by hiding in the boughs of large trees, from whence it unſuſpected drops upon the wretched creature, which is ſeized before it ſees its enemy. ---But the inſtance we ſaw of this, I muſt relate to you at large.

The next morning, Sir, we aſſembled to the number of more than an hundred at the old thick-  
ket,

ket, where we had the pleasure (if I dare call it so) to find our enemy still at his old post; he seemed very fierce and very hungry this morning, and we soon saw the amazing effects of it. There are great plenty of tygers, you must know, Sir, in that country: one of these, of a monstrous size, not lower than a common heifer, as he went along, came at length under our serpent's tree; in a moment we heard a dreadful rustling in the tree, and swift as thought, the serpent dropt upon him, seizing him across the back, a little below the shoulders with his horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back bigger than a man's head; the creature roar'd with agony, and to our unspeakable terror, was running with his enemy towards us; his course however was soon stopped, for the nimble adversary winding his body three or four times round the body of his prey, girted him so violently, that he soon fell down in agony. The moment the serpent had fixed his folds, he let go the back of the creature, and raising and twining round his head, opened its horrid mouth to its full extent, and seized the whole face of the tyger in it, biting and grinding him in a most horrid manner, and at once choaking him, and tearing him to pieces. The tyger reared up again on this, and words are too poor to paint his seeming agony; he wreathed and tossed about, but all in vain, the enemy where ever he went was with him, and his hollow roaring from within the destroyer's mouth was dreadful beyond expression.

I was for firing on the creature in this state,  
but

but they all declared against it; they told me, they knew his custom so well, that they were now very sure of him without any trouble or hazard, if they let him alone, but that if they disturbed him in this condition, he would be so outrageous, that several of our lives would assuredly pay the forfeit. They seemed to know so well what they were about, that I readily acquiesced. Several of us spent the whole day, Sir, in observing this strange fight; and surely the agonies of the tyger were beyond all that can be conceived, and his death more horrid than a thousand other deaths with all their tortures put together.

The tyger was a very strong and fierce creature, and tho' unable to get rid of its cruel enemy, yet gave him a world of trouble; a hundred times would he rear up and run a little way, but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the folds and wreathed twists of the serpent round his body; but tho' he fell, he was far from being conquered, or at all manageable. After some hours, he seemed much spent, and lay as if dead; and the serpent, who had many times girted himself violently round him, attempting to break his bones, but in vain, now let go his hold, and twisting his tail only round the tyger's neck, who was now in no condition either to resist or escape, he made towards the tree, dragging with some pains the victim after him. Now appeared the double use of the tree to the creature: Nature it seems informs this animal, that tho' it can conquer such large creatures as these, it can by no means



means devour them as they are, since their bodies are too thick for his swallow, and he must therefore break their bones, and reduce them to a soft mass, before he can manage them. This he usually does, as we saw him attempt it on the tyger, by girding his body very firmly and hard round them, by this means crushing them to pieces; but when this method will not take place, he has recourse to the tree, as we now had an opportunity to observe.

He dragged the tyger, Sir, by degrees after him to the tree, and the creature being now almost dead, and unable to stand, he seized him lightly a second time by the back, and set him on his legs against the trunk of the tree, then immediately winding his body round both the tyger and the tree several times, he girted both with all his violence, till the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated attempts of this kind, he broke all the ribs almost one by one, this creature's bones being prodigiously tough; and each giving a loud crack when it burst; when he had managed all the ribs thus, he next attempted the legs, and broke them severally in the same manner, and each in four or five different places; this took up many hours, and the poor creature all this while was living, and at every loud crack of the bones, gave a howl, tho' not loud, yet piteous enough to pierce the cruelest heart, and make even man forget his natural hatred to its species, and pity its misery. After the legs, the snake attacked the skull in the same manner, but this proved

ved so difficult a task, that the monster, tired with his fatigue, and seeing his prey in no condition of escaping, left him for the night at the foot of the tree, and retired into it himself to rest. This gave us occasion of going home, and I must assure you, I could not sleep for the poor tyger, who was naturally so strong and vigorous, that we left him still alive, tho' broken and mangled in this miserable manner.

In the morning I returned with several others to the thicket, but as we rode up, we saw a strange change in the face of things; the body of the tyger, which was now no longer to be known as such, but looked like a red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as covered with glue or jelly; when we arrived, we saw very plainly the meaning of all this; the snake was yet busied about it. He had laid its legs one by one close to the body, and was now placing the head straight before, and licking the body (which now had no remaining shape of one, its bones being all broken) and covering it with his slaver, which was what gave it that shining look, coating it over like a jelly, and rendering it fit for swallowing. A great deal of time was employed in this, but at length the serpent having prepared it to his mind, drew himself up before it, and seized the head, just as the rattlesnake in your account did the rat, and began to suck that, and afterwards the body down into his throat. This was a work of so much time, that I left him struggling at the shoulders when I went home

home to dinner, and by the accounts of those who stayed to watch him, it was night before he got the whole in.

The morning following we all assembled for the last time, and the very women and children followed us, assuring us, that as the prey was gorged, there was no danger. I could by no means conceive the meaning of this, till I came to the place, but then I found it very true; the serpent had so loaded his belly, that he could neither fight nor run away. He attempted on our approach to climb the tree, but in vain, and was soon knocked on the head with staves.

We measured him, and his length was thirty three feet four inches. He was soon cut up, and I assure you, Sir, afforded a flesh whiter than veal, and as they said that eat of it, finer tasted than any flesh whatever.

## HISTORY XXVIII.

**A**S it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of

a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course,

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a taylor once happened to converse together, "Alas!" cries the taylor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjuror; "but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for, if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could



could not be without cloaths; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune, than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich; and then shew away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was her's, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a fly snap; but

but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool, sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to shew his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation.

approbation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

## HISTORY XXIX.

**I**N the reign of Jenghis Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarchand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouraddin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon

upon the sages of phyfic; they filled his apartments with alixipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed, to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die, flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and dismissing his attendants. "My son, (says he) behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend, I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of  
my



my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me; a frigid torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye, than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of  
exact

exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: He therefore believed that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: He put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms, for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a Princess of Astracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him. How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou

thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, "I have at last found the use  
 " of riches; I am surrounded by companions,  
 " who view my greatness without envy; and I  
 Y enjoy

“ enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and  
 “ the safety of an obscure station. What trouble  
 “ can he feel, whom all are studious to please,  
 “ that they may be repaid with pleasure? What  
 “ danger can he dread to whom every man is a  
 “ friend?”

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of a legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants, accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unprotected and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life, and fruitless searches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. “ Brother, (said the philosopher) thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious



cious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hast taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou may'st be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude nor magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at Afracan, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes, to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecillity to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards."

### HISTORY XXX.

**H**ISTORY perpetually tells us, of millions of people abandoned to the caprice of the maddest

dest princes, and of whole nations devoted to the blind fury of tyrants. The delirium of tyranny tramples on the best gifts of nature: Such is the perverseness of human nature; who can describe it in all its latitude? On the face of this globe, how very few are the spots where man can live and flourish? The fertile plains of Asia, the rich low lands of Egypt and of Diarbeck, the fruitful fields bordering on the Tygris and the Euphrates, the extensive country of the East-Indies, all these seem as if intended for terrestrial paradises: but though surrounded with the spontaneous riches of nature, though her kindest favours seem to be shed on those beautiful regions with the most profuse hand; yet there in general we find the most wretched people in the world. Almost every where, liberty so natural to mankind, is refused, or rather enjoyed but by their tyrants; the word slave, is the appellation of every rank, who adore as a divinity, a being worse than themselves. Tears are shed, perpetual groans are heard, where only the accents of peace, alacrity, and gratitude should resound.

The dreadful cruelties endured by the Negroe slaves, shock humanity to relate; whilst the planters enjoy all possible festivity, and happiness. Their ears by habit are become deaf, their hearts are hardened; they neither see, hear, nor feel for the woes of their poor slaves, from whose painful labours all their wealth proceeds. The cracks of the whip urging these miserable beings to excessive labour, are far too distant from the gay capital to be heard. Here the horrors of slavery, the hardships of incessant

cessant toils, are unseen; and no one thinks with compassion of those showers of sweat and tears which from the bodies of Africans, daily drop, and moisten the ground they till. The chosen race eat, drink, and live happy, while the unfortunate one grubs up the ground, raises indigo, or husks the rice; exposed to a sun full as scorching as their native one; without the support of good food, without the cordials of any cheering liquor. This great contrast has often afforded me subjects of the most afflicting meditation. On one side, behold a people enjoying all that life affords, most enticing and pleasurable, without labour, without fatigue, hardly subjected to the trouble of wishing. With gold, dug from Peruvian mountains, they order vessels to the coasts of Guinea; by virtue of that gold, wars, murders, and devastations are committed in some harmless, peaceable African neighbourhood, where dwelt innocent people, who even knew not but that all men were black. The daughter torn from her weeping mother, the child from the distressed parents, the wife from the loving husband, whole families swept away and brought through storms and tempests to the metropolis! There arranged like horses at a fair, they are branded like cattle, and then driven to toil, to starve, and to languish for a few years on the plantations. And for whom must they work? For persons they know not, and who have no other power over them than that of violence. Strange order of things! Oh, Nature, where art thou?--- Are not these blacks thy children as well as we?

The

The following scene will I hope apologize for these gloomy thoughts. I was not long since invited to dine with a planter, who lived in the country. In order to avoid the heat of the sun, I resolved to go on foot, sheltered in a small path, leading through a pleasant wood. I was leisurely travelling along, attentively examining some peculiar plants which I had collected, when all at once, I felt the air strongly agitated. I immediately cast my eyes toward the cleared ground, from which I was at but a small distance, in order to see whether it was occasioned by a sudden shower; when at that instant a sound resembling a deep rough voice, uttered, as I thought, a few inarticulate monosyllables. Alarmed and surprised, I looked all round, when I perceived at a distance, something resembling a cage, suspended to the boughs of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about, and anxiously endeavouring to perch on the cage. Actuated by an involuntary motion of my hands, more than by any design of mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a short distance, with a most hideous noise: when, horrid to think, and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro, suspended in the cage, and left there to expire! I shudder when I recollect, that the birds had already picked out his eyes; his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in several places, and his body seemed covered with a multitude of wounds. From the edges of the hollow sockets, and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured, the blood slowly dropped, and tinged



tinged the ground beneath. No sooner were the birds flown, than swarms of insects covered the body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled flesh, and to drink his blood. The living spectre, though deprived of his eyes, could still hear distinctly, and in his uncouth dialect begged me to give him some water to allay his thirst. Humanity herself would have recoiled back with horror; she would have balanced whether to lessen such reliefless distress, or mercifully with one blow to end his agonizing torture! Had I had a ball in my gun, I certainly should have dispatched him; but finding myself unable to perform so kind an office, I sought, though trembling, to relieve him as well as I could. A shell ready fixed to a pole, which had been used by some negroes, presented itself to me; I filled it with water, and with trembling hands guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched sufferer. Urged by the irresistible power of thirst, he endeavoured to meet it, as he guessed its approach by the noise it made in passing through the bars of the cage. "Tanké you white man, tanké you, puté some poyson and givè me" How long have you been hanging there? I asked him. "Two days, and me no die; the birds, the birds; aaah me!" Oppressed with the reflections which this shocking spectacle afforded me, I mustered strength enough to walk away: upon enquiry I found, that the reason for this slave being thus punished, was for having killed the overseer of the plantation.

## HISTORY XXXI.

**H**ADAN, King of Golconda, celebrated for the love of his subjects, having an only son educated him with great care; but, fearing the grandeur and pleasures of a court might tempt him to forsake the paths of virtue, he sent him to Selim, formerly his minister, who had renounced the vanities of the world, and inhabited a cavern at the foot of an high mountain on the other side of the Ganges. Selim took all possible care to instruct the Prince in every thing relating to government, and to instil into him the precepts of virtue.

As they were excluded from all society, the hermit, to divert the prince, often led him to the extremity of a large forest, where the birds of Paradise made their nests, and chanted forth their melodious songs. One evening as they were returning; a lion issued from the forest, pursued by a serpent of a monstrous size, which overtook, and wound himself round the generous beast, at a few paces from them. All the lion's efforts to disengage himself from this terrible enemy were in vain; the Prince, moved with compassion, stepped forward to his assistance, and with a lucky stroke, with his sword, cut the serpent in two, and freed the beast. But, to their great surprize, the two parts of the serpent united, twisted round the Prince, and had certainly squeezed him to death, had not Selim taken his sword and cut off his head. He also cut the serpent in small pieces, and strewed them

them over the plain. They had scarcely disposed of the pieces of the serpent, when they found themselves swell in a surprizing manner. The lion bounded over the plain, and quickly returned with several leaves of an herb in his mouth, with which they rubbed themselves, and the swelling subsided.

The lion then crawled on his belly, licked their feet, and made signs to them to follow him into the forest. Having crossed the forest, he led them to a large lake, into which he plunged, and seemed to invite them to follow him. They approached the margin of the lake; but no sooner did their feet touch the water, than they found themselves, with the lion, in a most superb palace, in the midst of which was a crystal fountain, and near it, on an elegant bed, a person in a royal habit, fast locked in sleep. The moment the lion perceived this man, he flew violently upon him, flew him, and instantly assumed his form. This done, he approached the Prince and the hermit, and desired they would suspend their opinion, both of the action which seemed to give them terror, and of his transformation, which doubtless, caused their surprise, till he had acquainted them with his story, which, when he had seated them on the margin of the fountain, he thus began:

Know, my generous protectors and deliverers, that this palace I built and furnished for a place of retirement from the fatigues of royalty. I am the King of Siam, the wealthiest and most populous of any yet known to man. At the age of eighteen I lost my father, a Prince more conspi-

cuous for his virtue than his high rank; and I may justly say, that the kingdom he left me, could by no means compensate the loss of his precepts, example, and vigilance over my youthful days. Had he lived till I had attained a riper age, he would have fixed me in the path of virtue, into which he had early guided my steps, and from which I was too easily allured by my own passions, and the pernicious flattery of sycophants, who debauched my mind, puffed me up with a vain conceit of my own power, and so impoisoned my foolish heart with pride, that I despised the gods, exacted divine honours from my subjects, and suffered the righteous punishment of my gross wickedness.

When I took the reins of government into my hands, I chose a new council from among the youngest and most sprightly of the nobility; for the precepts and advice of my father's counsellors were soon irksome to me: Some of them had the prudence to provide for their own security, by suffering me to take that course which they saw they could not divert me from by their remonstrances, and retired from court: But others, who loved me better, continued to persecute me, as I then termed their loyal and friendly admonitions, with laying down the fatal consequences of my inconsiderate actions, and endeavouring to lead me back into the paths of virtue. I was, however, too far deviated from them, not to be displeased with their officious interposition and efforts to controul my passions; which had so far got the better of my reason, that I put to death these faithful, these steady  
friends,



friends, and took serpents into my bosom; which, by the poison of their adulation, sufficiently appeased the ghosts of those brave, good, generous, and friendly counsellors; bringing the wrath of heaven on my head, and on my unhappy people, who, though innocent, suffered for my crimes.

I set out in blood, and governed with a sceptre of iron; I gave a loose to every desire, and, surely, Providence never placed a greater monster on a regal throne, to be a scourge to the most profligate nation, though my people deserved another epithet: Hearing of the beauty of king Senib's daughter, I demanded her in marriage, and her father readily consented. In a word, she was adored by my subjects, and I thought I possessed in her more than the world could equal. Rasah, for that was the name of this inestimable woman, soon was better acquainted with me than I was with myself; for she had a penetrating judgment, and took all the means in her power, to bring me off from those vices, which sullied the glory of my throne, and drew upon me the contempt and hatred of my subjects; the latter being naturally followed by the former. Though their loyalty made them bear with me several years, before they endeavoured by force of arms, to curb my licentiousness: At length, tired with my rapine, cruelty, and lust, Nizam was induced, by the cries of his harrassed and oppressed countrymen, to take the field for their deliverance. He had been a successful general, and a wise counsellor, under my father. Upon the first news of this rebellion, I drew  
out

out all my forces, resolved to chastise this arch-rebel in person. While I was in full march to attack him, I met a messenger, who in the name of Nizam and his confederates, made me a sharp remonstrance, though couched in very dutiful terms. This so irritated me, that I ordered his head to be struck off; but, Rafah, to whom I could deny nothing, interposed, and saved his life. The sentence I pronounced against this messenger, caused a general murmur among my troops; who accused me of cruelty, by cutting off all means of accommodation with a justly incensed people, who had sufficiently proved their loyalty, by submitting so long to be oppressed after a barbarous manner, notorious to all the world: That the great Creator of the universe never created men innumerable to gratify the caprice, and hold their lives at the pleasure of one man. I learned these murmurs from my spies, seized, and immediately put to death the chief of these malecontents, contrary to the advice of Rafah, who begged me to dissemble the knowledge of them, and endeavour, by lenity, to gain the hearts of my army. The severity of this execution occasioned great desertions; the next night one half of my troops went over to the rebels. Three days after I encamped on a large plain, and resolved, notwithstanding the great advantage they had by their numbers, to attack them. Accordingly, I made a disposition, and was leading my army to engage, when Nizam advanced, and, with a loud voice, desired me to take compassion on myself and a wretched people, whom I had driven to these extremities for self-preservation.

I was so enraged at the insolence of Nizam, that I breathed nothing but revenge, and ordered the foremost rank to begin the attack. They marched directly up to the enemy's camp, but, instead of attacking, they saluted them, and fell into their ranks. In a word, my whole army, to a man, deserted me, and I was, with Rasah, and fifty other of my wives, taken prisoner by Nizam; for my women prevented me putting an end to my life, as I attempted to do. In this condition, Nizam approached me, and prostrating himself, said, Sir, do not imagine you are in the hands of your enemies, but in those of your most faithful servants, and most loyal subjects; not as a prisoner, but as our lawful monarch, to command and to be obeyed.

Nizam, said I, these professions of loyalty suit ill with our respective circumstances.

Far be it from me, replied the old man, to entertain a rebellious thought. No, Sir, I am no rebel, neither are you a captive. Those are the rebels, those are your enemies, who have debauched your youth, held your reason captive, and when they had led you to a precipice, as they imagined, meanly deserted you. Saying this, he retired from me, and put to death all those sycophants who had basely betrayed me. After this he came to me with others, who were of my council, and begged I would proclaim a pardon for what was past, resume the reins of government, admit Rasah to my council, and place a confidence in their unalterable loyalty. As I looked upon myself their  
prisoner,

prisoner, I dissembled my resentments, proclaimed a pardon, took the Queen into the council, and directed my march to my metropolis. At my arrival, Nizam desired to retire, and, upon my consenting to his leaving the court, he disbanded his army, and returned with only his ordinary retinue. I found a great alacrity among my subjects, every one striving to excel in their demonstrations of loyalty: But as I could not digest Nizam's having taken up arms, and the desertion of the other grandees, I was continually meditating on the means to revenge the injuries I imagined had been done me, and to regain my lost liberty. When I almost despaired of having it in my power to wreak my vengeance on the hated necks of my enemies, a magician came to court. I received him with open arms, flattering myself that fortune had now put it into my power to recover my peace of mind, and lost liberty.

To this wretch I unbosomed myself, and told him my anxiety of mind. He advised me to dissemble my uneasiness, to govern according to the advice of my council, to counterfeit a love for my subjects, and an utter abhorrence of my former life. He found the way to wind himself into my heart, and I was never easy without him. He one day came to me, and told me, that now was the time to take vengeance on my enemies, but that I must be entirely guided by him, or the mischief we designed for others would fall on our own heads, and he should be involved in my inevitable ruin.

Overjoyed at the discourse, I promised punctually



ally to observe whatever he should enjoin me. Order then, said he, your hunters to kill a lion, save the blood, and bring the beast to your apartment in this palace.

My hunters brought, next morning, a lion to the palace, which they had taken in a toil, and was so secured, that the magician received him alive. Every one was commanded to depart, and the magician cutting the throat of the generous beast, gave me a bowl of the reeking blood, which by his orders I drank off. After this, he anointed me from head to foot, flaying off the lion's skin, which, taking on the left arm, he led me, by the right hand, into a garden, which no part of the palace overlooked, and there, by my own foolish consent, sewed me up in the spoils of the beast. He then bid me turn towards the sun, and prostrate myself three times; in the interim he made to the door, which gave us entrance into the garden, and, there, pronouncing some words, I saw the palace sink with him, and a lake arise. I ran immediately to the side of the lake to plunge in, but the monstrous serpent which you destroyed, defended it, and drove me from the banks. I was going to exclaim against this vile treachery, and to tear off the lion's hide; but I found my voice changed to a terrifying roar, and that I only tore my own flesh. Convinced of my unhappy metamorphosis, I fled to the woods, and, in despair, threw myself under the shade of a large cedar, lamenting my foolish credulity, which had brought me into so wretched a condition. About five years

I ranged the solitary forests, often visiting the lake; but found all access to it impossible, by the vigilance and fierceness of the serpent. At the end of five years, as I lay stretched at the foot of a large cedar, on a sudden the earth shook all around me, and a voice, like thunder, after calling me three times by my name, said, Art thou more stupid than the beast into which thou art changed; Or art thou desirous of recovering thy pristine form? I immediately said, within myself, O that it was possible! I found my inmost thoughts were known, and answered, O what, or whoever thou art, that givest me this dawn of hope, continue thy beneficence, and direct me how I may recover the form and society of man. The voice answered, Dost thou think thyself worthy of it, who whilst thou wert a man, nay, even the chiefest of men, degenerated into the most cruel of savages, by casting from thee the distinguishing faculty between man and beast, and gratifying thy passions like the latter? Learn thou, king of Siam, that this first Being, whose will made, can also destroy this stupendous frame: The voice then acquainted me that the lake and serpent were the effects of the magician's magic, and that when I had expiated my crimes by my sufferings, and effaced the memory of them by my repentance and resolution to offend no more, the great Creator of the universe would shew me mercy, and restore me to my former state. Here the voice ceased, and I, prostrating myself, licked the dust of that earth, which my stupid ingratitude had rendered me unworthy

to tread. Three times a day I constantly prostrated myself before that tremendous being who governs all things; repented of my own wickedness, owned with sincere humility, his justice, and with a heart truly grateful, returned my thanks and praise for his remembering mercy while he inflicted punishment, and implored a continuance of his protection for Rafah. About ten months after I heard the voice, as I was prostrated and adoring the Ruler of the world, I was bid to arise, and follow carefully a curling dust which a gentle breeze carried along the plain; for providence had heard my fervent prayers, and the time was come for my deliverance: That I should be attacked by the serpent, but bid me trust in the God of nature; take care the severed pieces of the serpent, which two men sent to deliver me should hew in pieces, did not rejoin, and, if either of us were defiled with the invenomed blood of the monster, to use the herb which I then trod upon: That, after the serpent was destroyed, I should plunge into the lake, and Providence would put mine enemy into my hands. This is my story, and nothing now remains but to adore the omnipotent Father of the universe, and return you, whom he hath made the instruments of my deliverance, my sincerest thanks.

After a short stay at the king of Siam's court, Prince Serab and the hermit returned to their solitary habitation, loaded with presents.

## HISTORY XXXII.

AN honest father of a family, old and rich, wanted to settle before-hand his succession among his three sons, and divide among them his fortune, the fruit of his labours and industry, and assigned each his lot; "I have yet remaining," added he, "a diamond of great value; I destine it to him of you who shall best merit it by some noble and generous action, and I give you three months to prepare yourselves to obtain it." The three sons immediately separate; but meet again at the time prescribed. They present themselves before their judge; and thus speaks the eldest: "Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself in circumstances, which obliged him to entrust me with all his fortune; he had no security of me by writing, and could not have been able to produce any proof, any evidence even of the deposit; but I have faithfully returned it to him. Is not this fidelity somewhat laudable?" "Thou hast done, my son," answered the old man, "no more than thou oughtest to do. There would be reason to die for shame, if one was capable of acting otherwise, for honesty is a duty. Thy action is an action of justice; it is not an action of generosity."

The second son, in his turn, pleaded his cause nearly in these terms; "I happened to be, during my voyage, on the brink of a lake; a child came and imprudently suffered himself to fall into it; he



“ he was near being drowned; I took him out,  
 “ and saved his life, in sight of the inhabitants of  
 “ a village washed by the waters of this lake; they  
 “ can attest the truth of the fact.” “ In good  
 “ time,” interrupted the father; “ but yet there is  
 “ nothing noble in this action; there is only hu-  
 “ manity.”

At length, the last of the three brothers began to speak: “ Father,” says he, “ I found my mortal enemy, who having wandered out of his way, was fallen asleep, without knowing it, on the brink of an abyss; the least movement he should have made at the moment of his awaking could not fail to hurl him headlong; his life was in my hands: I took care to awake him with the necessary precautions, and brought him safe away from that fatal place.” “ Ah! my son,” cries the good old father with transport, and embracing him tenderly: “ it is to thee, without contradiction, that the diamond is due.”

## HISTORY XXXIII.

**R**ICHARD, the son and successor of Henry the Second, of the house of Anjou and Plantagenet, had been made Count of Poitou in 1174. He went to the Holy Land in the year 1191, with Philip Augustus; on his return, the following year, after manifesting prodigies of bravery as useless as brilliant, he was shipwrecked on the coast of Istria; from hence he pursued his route, disguised like a pilgrim, through the dominions of Leopold, Duke of

of Austria; but he was discovered and taken prisoner by that Prince. A quarrel that had happened between them at the siege of Acre, had rendered them implacable enemies to each other. Richard had ordered the colours which Leopold had set up on a tower which he had taken, to be pulled down and trodden under foot. The Duke seized this occasion of revenging himself for the insult he had received. Henry the Sixth, Emperor of the house of Suabia, was not less enraged against Richard. He had made an alliance with Tancred, who had wrested the crown of Sicily from Henry; and he, therefore, desired Leopold to commit this illustrious prisoner to his custody. He treated him with indignity, and gave him his liberty, at the end of eighteen months, only on condition of paying a hundred and fifty thousand marks of silver, the third of which should be for the Duke of Austria.

Nothing could be more singular than the manner of discovering the situation of King Richard, and which Fauchet relates from an ancient chronicle.

A minstrel, called Blondel, who owed his fortune to Richard, animated with tenderness towards his illustrious master, was resolved to go over the world till he had discovered the destiny of this prince. He had already traversed Europe, and was returning through Germany, when talking one day at Lintz, in Austria, with the inn-keeper, in order to make this discovery, he learnt that there was near the city, at the entrance of a forest, a  
strong

strong and ancient castle, in which there was a prisoner who was guarded with great care. A secret impulse persuaded Blondel that this prisoner was Richard; he went immediately to the castle, the sight of which made him tremble: he got acquainted with a peasant, who went often there to carry provision; questioned and offered him a considerable sum to declare who it was that was shut up there; but the good man, though he readily told all he knew, was ignorant both of the name and the quality of the prisoner. He could only inform him, that he was watched with the most exact attention, and was suffered no communication with any one, but the keeper of the castle and his servants. He added, that the prisoner had no other amusement than looking over the country, through a small grated window, which served also for the light that glimmered into his apartment.

He told him that this castle was a horrid abode; that the stair-case and the apartments were black with age; and so dark, that at noon-day it was necessary to have lighted flambeaux to find the way along them. Blondel listened with eager attention, and meditated several ways of coming at the prisoner, but all in vain. At last, when he found that from the height and narrowness of the window he could not get a sight of his dear master, for he firmly believed it was him, he bethought himself of a French song, the last couplet of which had been composed by Richard, and the first by himself. After he had sung with a loud and harmonious voice, the first part, he suddenly stopped,  
and

and heard a voice, which came from the castle-window, continue and finish the song. Transported with joy, he was now assured it was the King his master, who was confined in this dismal castle. The chronicle adds, that one of the keeper's servants falling sick, he hired himself to him, and thus made himself known to Richard; and informing his nobles, with all possible expedition, of the situation of their monarch, he was released from his confinement on paying a large ransom.

#### HISTORY XXXIV.

**A**T the siege of Namur, in 1695, there were in King William's army, two warriors of the regiment of Hamilton, the one an inferior officer, named Union, the other a private soldier, whose name was Valentine. They became irreconcilable enemies. Union, who was the officer of Valentine, seized all possible opportunities to torment him, and to make his resentment break forth. The soldier suffered all without murmuring; or, if he sometimes groaned under that tyranny, he never forgot the blind obedience prescribed him by the laws of the service. Several months had passed in this state; when, one day, they were both commanded to the attack of the castle of Namur. The French made a sally, in which the officer Union received a ball in the thigh. He fell; and, as the French pressed the allied troops on all sides, he expected to be trampled under their feet. He had now recourse to his enemy: "Ah! Valentine!"  
"Valentine!"



"Valentine!" cried he, "can you abandon me?" Valentine, upon hearing his voice, run up hastily to him; and in the midst of the fire of the French, put the officer upon his shoulders, and courageously bore him through the danger, as far as the height where the abbey of Salsine stands. In that place a cannon-ball killed him, without touching the officer, Valentine fell under the body of his enemy whom he had just saved. The latter then forgetting his wound, rises, tearing his hair; and immediately throwing himself on the disfigured carcase of his deliverer: "Ah! Valentine!" cried he, "dear Valentine! Is it for me that thou diest? for me, who treated thee with so much barbarity? Generous man! I cannot, I will not survive thee! No." It was impossible to separate him from the lifeless body. They at length took him away, holding still in his arms his dear benefactor; and, while they thus carried both the one and the other into the ranks, all their companions, who knew their enmity, wept at once with admiration and grief. When Union was conducted back into his tent, they by force dressed the wound he had received; but the day following, that unhappy man died, oppressed with regret and filled with gratitude.

## HISTORY XXXV.

**A** Spanish traveller had met an Indian in the middle of a desert: they were both on horse-back. The Spaniard, who feared his horse would  
not

not hold out to the end of his journey, because he was a very bad one, asked the Indian, who had a young and strong one, to make an exchange: the latter refused. The Spaniard upon this quarrelled with him: they came to blows; and the aggressor being well armed, easily seized the horse which he desired, and continued his journey. The Indian followed him as far as the nearest city, and went and complained to the Judge. The Spaniard was obliged to appear, and bring the horse with him. He treated the Indian as a cheat, affirming that the horse belonged to him, and that he had bred him from a colt. There were no proofs of the contrary, and the Judge, indetermined, was going to dismiss the pleaders from court and trial, when the Indian cried out: "The horse is mine, and I'll prove it!" He immediately took off his mantle, and with it quickly covered the head of the animal; and addressing himself to the Judge; "Since this man," says he, "affirms he has bred this horse, command him to tell on which of his two eyes he is blind." The Spaniard would not seem to hesitate, and instantly answered; "on the right eye." "He is neither blind," said he, "on the right eye, nor on the left." The Judge, convinced by a proof so ingenious and decisive, decreed him the horse, and the affair was terminated.

## HISTORY XXXVI.

**A** Christian merchant having entrusted a Turkish Camel-driver with a certain number of bales

bales of silk, to carry them from Aleppo to Constantinople, set out on the road with him; but in the middle of the journey he fell sick, and was not able to follow the caravan, which arrived long before him. The Camel-driver, seeing that his employer did not come at the end of some weeks, imagined that he was dead; sold the silks, and changed his profession. The Christian merchant at length arrived; found him, after having lost a great deal of time in seeking him, and demanded his goods. The cheat pretended not to know him, and denied his having ever been a Camel-driver. The Cadi, before whom this affair was carried, said to the Christian: "What dost thou demand?" "Twenty bales of silk," replied he, "which I delivered to this man." "What dost thou answer to that?" said the Cadi to the Camel-driver. "I know not what he means by his bales of silk and his camels; I never saw nor knew him." Then the Cadi turning to the Christian, asked him what proof he could give of what he advanced. The merchant could give no other, but only that sickness had hindered him from following the Camel-driver. The Cadi told them they were both beasts, and ordered them to withdraw from his presence. He turned his back on them; and while they were going out together, he placed himself at a window, and called out aloud, "Camel-driver, a word with you." The Turk immediately looked round, without thinking that he had just abjured that profession. Then the Cadi, obliging him to return, ordered them to give him a basti-

nado, and made him confess his roguery. He condemned him to pay the Christian for his silk, and moreover a considerable fine for the false oath which he had taken.

## HISTORY XXXVII.

**C**HARLES the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, had given the government of the capital of Gueldres to Claude Rhynsault, a German, who had served him well in his wars. Scarce was he entered upon this office, when he cast his eyes on Sapphira, a woman of uncommon beauty, and who was married to a rich merchant of the city, named Paul Danvelt: he put every scheme in practice to introduce himself to her; but she, apprized of his views, neglected nothing to avoid the snares which he laid for her. The Governor, convinced that he should never succeed by ordinary methods, caused the husband to be imprisoned, on pretence that he held correspondence with the enemies of the Prince. He was tried; but the evening before he was to be executed, Sapphira ran to implore the governor's clemency, who told her, she could not hope to save her husband's life, but by yielding herself to his desires. This virtuous woman loaded with grief, repaired to the prison, where she discovered to her husband every thing that had just passed, and the violent conflict in her soul between her tenderness for him, and the fidelity which she owed him. The husband, ashamed to avow what the fear of death suggested to him, let fall some words,



words, which gave her to understand, that he did not think her dishonoured by an action in which he was well persuaded her will would have no part. With this indirect request to save his life, she took leave of the sad prisoner, whom she embraced a thousand times. Next morning, she went to the Governor, and yielded herself to his discretion. Rhynsault praised her charms, and flattered himself with having a free intercourse with her for the future; and told her, with an air cruelly gay, to go and release her husband from the prison: "But," added he, "you ought not to be sorry, if I have taken measures to prevent his being an obstacle to our future meetings." These last words prefigured to her the unhappy fate of her husband, whom she found executed, when she arrived at the prison. Exasperated by her sorrows, she went in secret to find the Duke of Burgundy, to whom she presented a petition, which contained a recital of her fatal adventure. The Duke read it with emotions of indignation and pity. Rhynsault was sent for to court, and confronted with Sapphira. As soon as he could recover from his surprise, the Prince asked him, if he knew that lady? He answered, yes, and that he would espouse her, if his Highness would be pleased to look upon that step as a just reparation of his crime. The Duke appeared satisfied with it, and immediately caused the marriage to be celebrated. He then said to the Governor: "Thus far have you gone, forced by my authority, but I shall never believe that you have any tenderness for your wife, unless you bequeath

" bequeath her all your fortune, to enjoy it after  
 " your death." When the will had been drawn  
 up, the Duke said to the lady: " It now remains  
 " that I put you in possession of the fortune which  
 " your husband has given you:" and thereupon or-  
 dered Rhynfaut to be put to death.

## HISTORY XXXVIII.

**J**USTIN the Second, willing to re-establish jus-  
 tice, named, as Prefect of Constantinople, an  
 upright magistrate, full of firmness and vigour, whom  
 he invested with all his authority, to punish cri-  
 minals without distinction of rank or condition:  
 he declared that the sentences of the Prefect should  
 be executed without appeal, and that the Sovereign  
 would pardon none. This severe declaration awed  
 all those whom iniquity supported, except only one,  
 who thought himself above all laws.---A poor wi-  
 dow came and threw herself at the feet of the Pre-  
 fect, complaining of a general officer, who had rob-  
 bed her of all her goods. The magistrate, out of  
 regard for the officer, who was a relation of the  
 Emperor, wrote to him, to beg him to do justice,  
 and caused his letter to be delivered by the injur-  
 ed person. All the satisfaction she received was  
 outrages and ill treatment. The Prefect, incensed  
 at this insult, summoned the offender before his  
 tribunal: the latter returned no other answer but  
 reproaches and raillery against the Judge and judg-  
 ment. Instead of appearing, he went to dine at  
 the palace, where he was invited with a great num-  
 ber

ber of courtiers. The Prefect having learned that he was at table with the Emperor, entered the banquetting-room; and directing his discourse to the Prince, "Sire," said he, "if you persist in the resolution which you have declared, of chastising acts of violence and injustice, I will continue to execute your orders; but, if you renounce that design, so worthy of you, and the worst of men are honoured with your favour, and received at your table, accept of the resignation of a charge useless to your subjects, and which can only displease you."

Justin, struck by so daring a remonstrance: "I have not changed," answered he; "pursue in justice every where; I give it up to you; was it seated with me on the throne, I would thence descend to deliver it to chastisement." Armed by this answer, the Magistrate caused the offender to be seized in the midst of the guests; dragged him to the tribunal, heard the widow's complaint; and as this man, before so haughty, now speechless and trembling, could alledge nothing in his defence, he ordered him to be stripped, to be beaten with rods, and to ride on an ass with his face turned to the tail, through all the streets of the city. His effects were seized for the benefit of the widow; and this example for some time put a stop to usurpation and violence. The Emperor rewarded the firmness of the Prefect, by creating him a Patrician, and confirming his office to him for life.

HISTORY

## HISTORY XXXIX.

**M**ORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. -----'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.---Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman



tleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.---Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ----- was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.---On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. -----, and his housekeeper, had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.---"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone---She turned, and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.---It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman

man now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved to any where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.---He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

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He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. -----, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.---His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.---The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.----“ My master,”---said the old woman, “ alas! he is not a Christian; but “ he is the best of unbelievers.”----“ Not a Christian!”---exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, “ yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for’t; “ I would he were a Christian!” “ There is a “ pride in human knowledge, my child,” said her father, “ which often blinds men to the sublime “ truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christi- “ anity are found among men of virtuous lives, “ as well as among those of dissipated and licen- “ tious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known “ the latter more easily converted to the true faith “ than the former, because the fume of passion is “ more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory “ and delusive speculation.”----“ But Mr. -----,” said his daughter, “ alas! my father, he shall be “ a Christian before he dies.”----She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord----He took her hand with an air of kindness----She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes

to the ground, and left the room.---“ I have been  
 “ thanking God,” said the good La Roche, “ for  
 “ my recovery.” “ That is right,” replied his  
 landlord. “ I would not wish,” continued the  
 old man, hesitatingly, “ to think otherwise; did  
 “ I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I  
 “ should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as  
 “ a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not  
 “ a real good:---Alas! I may live to wish I had  
 “ died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead  
 “ of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. -----’s  
 “ hand); but, when I look on this renovated be-  
 “ ing as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far  
 “ different sentiment--- my heart dilates with gra-  
 “ titude and love to him; it is prepared for doing  
 “ his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and  
 “ regards every breach of it, not with disappro-  
 “ bation, but with horror.”---“ You say right, my  
 “ dear Sir,” replied the philosopher; “ but you are  
 “ not yet re-established enough to talk much---you  
 “ must take care of your health, and neither study  
 “ nor preach for some time. I have been think-  
 “ ing over a scheme that struck me to-day, when  
 “ you mentioned your intended departure. I never  
 “ was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to ac-  
 “ company your daughter and you into that country.  
 “ -----I will help to take care of you by the  
 “ road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold  
 “ myself responsible for your cure.” La Roche’s  
 eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was  
 called in and told of it. She was equally pleased  
 with her father; for they really loved their land-  
 lord



lord---not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him---their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle

moiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where Nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. ---A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ----- enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. ---The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. ---The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. ---They made some attempts at condolence;---it was too delicate

cate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part.---“ It has pleased God;”---said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.---Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country-folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. “ That is the signal,” said he, “ for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;---if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.---“ By no means,” answered the philosopher; “ I will attend *Ma-moiselle* at her devotions.”---“ She is our organist,” said La Roche; “ our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.”---“ ’Tis an additional inducement,” replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an  
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an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ----- was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.---The organ was touched with a hand less firm;---it paused, it ceased;---and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them.



them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say---for he felt it---and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. -----, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.---Why should not the same be said of religion! Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me---and I have had my share---it confers a dignity on my affliction,---so lifts me above the world.---Man, I know, is but a worm---yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"---It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded even with a doubt, the sun-shine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy.---Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation

was

was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. -----, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.----“ They are not seen in Flanders!” said Ma’moiselle with a sigh. “ That’s an odd remark,” said Mr. -----, smiling.--- She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

’Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within

within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he had made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. -----' want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered as interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign

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reign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.---Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.---After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was be-nighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed

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it was some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. -----'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Ma'-'  
 "moiselle, Sir!---you never beheld a lovelier---"  
 "La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply---"Alas!  
 "it was she indeed!"---The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.---He came up closer to Mr. -----; "I  
 "perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Made-  
 "moiselle La Roche."---"Acquainted with her!  
 ---Good God!---when---how---where did she die?  
 ---Where is her father?"---"She died Sir, of  
 "heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to  
 "whom she was soon to have been married, was  
 "killed in a duel by a French officer, his inti-  
 "mate companion, and to whom, before their  
 "quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours.  
 "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has  
 "often told us a Christian should; he is even so  
 "composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to  
 "deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners,  
 "as is the custom with us on such occasions:  
 ---Follow

---Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him."---  
He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased,---La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ----- was not less affected than they.---La Roche arose.---  
"Father of mercies!" said he, forgive these tears;  
"assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee;  
"to lift to thee the souls of thy people!---My  
"friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is  
"good; but, in the days of our distress, what a  
"privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust  
"in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord."  
"When every other support fails us, when the  
"fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let  
"us then seek those living waters which flow from  
"the throne of God.---'Tis only from the belief  
"of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Be-  
"ing that our calamities can be borne in that  
"manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom  
"is here of little use; for, in proportion as it be-  
"stows comfort, it represses feeling, without which

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“ we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we  
 “ shall also cease to enjoy happiness.---I will not  
 “ bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I  
 “ cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)---  
 “ I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed  
 “ of my feelings; but therefore may I the more  
 “ willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed  
 “ God to give me strength to speak to you: to  
 “ direct you to him, not with empty words, but  
 “ with these tears; not from speculation, but from  
 “ experience,---that while you see me suffer, you  
 “ may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child,  
 “ the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining  
 “ years! Such a child too!---It becomes not me  
 “ to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude  
 “ to mention them, because they were exerted to-  
 “ wards myself.---Not many days ago you saw  
 “ her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;---ye  
 “ who are parents will judge of my felicity then,  
 “ ---ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look  
 “ towards him who struck me; I see the hand  
 “ of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.  
 “ ---Oh! could I make you feel what it is to  
 “ pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with  
 “ many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to  
 “ him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose  
 “ power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in  
 “ contemplation of whom disappears all that the  
 “ last can inflict!---For we are not as those who  
 “ die without hope; we know that our Redeemer  
 “ liveth,---that we shall live with him, with our  
 “ friends

" friends his servants, in that blessed land where  
 " sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as  
 " it is perfect.---Go then; mourn not for me; I  
 " have not lost my child: but a little while, and  
 " we shall meet again, never to be separated.---  
 " But ye are also my children: Would ye that  
 " I should not grieve without comfort?---So live  
 " as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it  
 " may be the death of the righteous, and your latter  
 " end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.---Mr. ----- followed him into his house.---The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open;---La Roche started back at the sight.---" Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ----- had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close.---the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, " You see  
 " my weakness," said he, " 'tis the weakness of  
 " humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."  
 " I heard you," said the other, " in the pulpit;  
 " I rejoice that such consolation is yours."-----  
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“ It is, my friend,” said he, “ and I trust I shall  
 “ ever hold it fast;-----if there are any who  
 “ doubt our faith, let them tthink of what impor-  
 “ tance religion is to calamity, and forbear to  
 “ weaken its force; if they cannot restore our hap-  
 “ piness, let them not take away the solace of  
 “ our affliction.”

Mr. -----’s heart was smitten;---and I have  
 heard him, long after, confess, that there were mo-  
 ments when the remembrance overcame him even  
 to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of phi-  
 losophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame,  
 he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the  
 good La Roche, and wished that he had never  
 doubted.

## HISTORY XL.

**A**N Arabian came to throw himself at the feet  
 of a Sultan, to complain of the violences  
 which two persons unknown committed in his house.  
 The Sultan immediately repaired thither, and after  
 having caused the lights to be extinguished, the  
 criminals to be seized, and their heads to be wrap-  
 ped up in a mantle, he commands them to be stab-  
 bed. The execution done, the Sultan causes the  
 flambeaus to be lighted again, views the bodies of  
 those criminals, lifts up his hands, and returns thanks  
 to God: “ What favour then,” said his Vizir,  
 “ have you received of heaven?” “ Vizir,” an-  
 swered the Sultan, “ I believed my sons the au-  
 “ thors of those violences; on that account, I or-  
 “ dered

" dered the flambeaus to be extinguished, and the  
 " faces of these wretches to be covered with a  
 " mantle; I was afraid that paternal tenderness  
 " might make me fail of the justice I owe to my  
 " subjects. Judge if I ought not to thank hea-  
 " ven, now that I find myself just without being  
 " a parricide."

## HISTORY XLI.

**M**AY he survive his relatives and friends! was  
 the imprecation of a Roman, on the per-  
 son who should destroy the monument of his an-  
 cestors. A more dreadful curse could scarcely be  
 denounced.

I remember to have seen it somewhere recorded,  
 that an Emperor of China, on his accession to the  
 throne, commanded a general release from the prisons.  
 of all that were confined for debt. Amongst the  
 number was an old man, who had been an early  
 victim to adversity; and whose days of imprison-  
 ment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on  
 the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual re-  
 volution of more than fifty suns. With faltering  
 steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his  
 eyes were dazzled with the splendor of light;  
 and the face of nature presented to his view a  
 perfect paradise. The goal, in which he had been  
 imprisoned, was at some distance from Pekin; and  
 he directed his course to that city, impatient to  
 enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and  
 his friends.

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With difficulty he found his way to the street, in which formerly stood his decent habitation; and his heart became more and more elated at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around; but saw few of those objects with which he was formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited: the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed new forms; and he beheld not a single face, of which he had the least recollection. An aged pauper, who stood with trembling knees at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent menial who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped to give him a pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the Emperor's liberality; and received, in return, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in unknown climates; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his Sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and, casting himself at the feet of the Emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "remand me  
 "to the prison, from which mistaken mercy hath  
 "delivered me! I have survived my family and  
 "friends; and, in the midst of this populous city,  
 "I find myself in dreary solitude. The cell of my  
 "dungeon protected me from the gazers at my  
 "wretchedness; and, whilst secluded from society,

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“ I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoy-  
 “ ments. I am now tortured with the view of  
 “ pleasures, in which I cannot participate; and die  
 “ with thirst, though streams of delight surround  
 “ me.”

## HISTORY XLII.

Sir C. Morell's Life of *Horam*.

**D**URING my long and painful residence in many different parts of Asia, both in the Mogul's dominions, and in those of the Ottoman empire, it was my fortune, several times, to meet with a small Persian work, entitled, *The delightful lessons of Horam, the son of Asmar*, a book of great note both at Ispahan and Constantinople, and frequently read by the teachers of Mahomet to their disciples, to excite them to works of morality and religion.

I confess, being chiefly conversant in trade, I had very little appetite to read the religious doctrines of Pagans; and it was not, till I had met with the work in almost every part of Asia, that I was tempted to examine a book recommended on the score of their religion. But a few hours reading in it, made me repent my former want of curiosity; as the descriptions were lively, the tales interesting and delightful, and the morals aptly and beautifully couched, under the most entertaining images of a romantick imagination.

Having got this treasure into my possession, it was my next study to translate it into my native lan-  
 to



guage, intending it, when completed, as a present to my wife and family in England. But business calling me to fort St. George, I unfortunately left a part of the manuscript behind me at Bombay.

I was sensibly affected at this loss, and the more so, as I found it impossible, through the multiplicity of my affairs, to replace my translation; so I gave over all thoughts of my intended present, and contented myself with frequently reading the enchanting original.

But if my voyage to Fort St. George deprived my family of the translation, it doubly repaid my loss, by the addition of a very valuable friend, with whom I got acquainted at Fort St. George. This was no other than the great Horam, the author of the book in question, who then resided in the blacks town, and was esteemed as a saint by all denominations, both Pagans and Mahommedans, and who was very intimate with the English belonging to the fort.

As I was extremely desirous of his acquaintance, and very assiduous in pleasing him, he soon distinguished me from the rest of my countrymen; and he would often, in our walks through the gardens, at the back of the fort, entertain me with his elegant and instructive conversation.

At these times I did not fail, at proper intervals, to lament his disbelief of our holy Christian Faith. To this, for some time, he made no answer; but whenever it was mentioned, he seemed more thoughtful and reserved; but I considered the subject of too much consequence to be laid aside, merely on a point of punctilio, and therefore seldom omitted

to bring it up in all our private conversations; till at length, one day, after I had been for some time expatiating on the blessings of christianity, he stopped short, and falling prostrate on the sandy walk, in a solemn and audible voice, he pronounced as follows in the Persian language.

“ O Alla! Thou most powerful and merciful  
 “ Being, who, although thou spannest the heavens  
 “ with thy hands, dost nevertheless endue the Pismire and the Bee with wisdom and knowledge;  
 “ vouchsafe also to enlighten the understanding of  
 “ the reptile that adores thee, and if it be thy will,  
 “ who canst cause the light to arise out of darkness, that these men should teach that with their  
 “ lips for truth, which they will not acknowledge  
 “ by their lives, have mercy both on me and them;  
 “ on me, who cannot be convicted by precept without example; and on them, who mock and deny  
 “ thee, under the semblance of faith and obedience.  
 “ Are not the Christian vices, O Alla, more hateful in thy sight, than Pagan blindness; and the  
 “ eyes of those who boast superior sight, more dim  
 “ than the eyes of him who gropeth in darkness  
 “ and error? Are these men who are sharp and  
 “ greedy in worldly gain, lavish and profuse of  
 “ heavenly riches? And would they, who covet  
 “ the dust of India, offer us an eternal exchange  
 “ for our mouldering possessions? Surely the purest  
 “ and wisest religion, cannot be revealed to the  
 “ most unthankful and ignorant of mankind. The  
 “ pearl would not be cast to the swine, and the  
 “ children of Alla be deprived of their inheritance.

“ But

“ But the worm must not fly, the ignorant judge,  
 “ nor dust presume !”

After saying this, which, I confess, affected me strongly, he continued some time in awful silence prostrate on the ground, and at length arose with tears in his eyes, saying, “ Be the will of Alla  
 “ the law of his creature !”

It was some minutes before I could muster up words and resolution to answer Horam, so much was I awed by his just, though severe imprecations; but observing him still continue his meditations, I ventured to begin.

“ My friend,” said I, “ God is just and man  
 “ is sinful. The Christian religion is professed by  
 “ millions, and all are not like the merchants of  
 “ India.” “ If all Christians were like my friend,”  
 said Horam, “ Horam would embrace the faith of  
 “ Christ: But what are those who mingle with  
 “ infidels, whose days are the days of riot, and  
 “ whose nights are the nights of intemperance and  
 “ wantonness? who teach truth, and practise de-  
 “ ceit? who calling themselves Christians, do  
 “ deeds unworthy of Pagans?”

“ These,” said I, “ my friend, are most of them  
 “ unhappy men of strong passions, and small in-  
 “ struction, who were sent here as forlorn hopes,  
 “ but even of these many have turned out sober  
 “ and religious, and have spent the latter part of  
 “ their lives in piety and devotion.”

“ What,” interrupted Horam, “ they have  
 “ served their lusts first, and their God last! Alla,  
 “ whom I worship, likes not such votaries; he  
 “ requires

“ requires the earliest offerings of a pious heart,  
 “ and prayers and thanksgivings that rise to hea-  
 “ ven, ere the dews of the night disappear.

“ O Horam, answered I, were the God whom we worship, to be worshipped in perfectness, the whole length of our lives would not suffice to lie prostrate before him. But our merciful Father expects not more from us, than we are able to pay him; true it is, that we ought to begin early, and late take rest, and daily and hourly offer up our praises and petitions to the throne of his Grace.”

“ Mr. Morell, said Horam, there is reason and truth in the words of my friend, but I am persuaded few of the Christians I have seen, think so seriously of these things as you do.”

The more I conversed with Horam, the more reason I had to admire his talents. I found he had travelled into many parts of the world, and by his sensible reflections perceived, that he had made a noble use of his studies and travels. This made me very desirous of hearing an account of his life, which after some length of acquaintance, he indulged me in,

“ I came, says he, from the confines of the *Caspian* Sea, my mother was the widow of *Adenam*, the Iman of *Forabad*; she lived on the bounty of my father's friends, who was adored, when living, for his piety and devotion; and those who supported her spared no pains or cost in my education.

“ At twelve years of age, my friends sent me to study under *Acham*, where I continued nine years, till, the Bashaw of *Diarbec*, taking occasion to quarrel



quarrel with our Cadie, marched toward *Mousul*, and utterly destroyed the place, carrying away with him four hundred of the Inhabitants, whom he sold for slaves. Among this number was *Horam*, the friend of thy bosom, who, though an Iman, was nevertheless sold to an English merchant.

“ With this person, whose name was *Wimbleton* I lived for several years. My master finding me both faithful and useful, soon employed me to traffick for him, and I travelled with the Caravans into most parts of *Persia*; and executing my commissions to the satisfaction of my master, he gave me my liberty, upon condition that I would, during his life, serve him in the capacity of a steward. I accepted, with thanks, his bounteous offer, and he made the time of my servitude as the shadow before the sun.

“ Within two years my master died, and commanded me on his death-bed to make up his effects, and carry them to England to his brother, who, he said, but little deserved them, (but the grave should not be entered by those who were at enmity,) allowing me a quarter part for my subsistence. I was greatly affected at the death of my master, and having collected his effects, I passed through the *Mediterranean* to *Leghorn*, and from thence to *Paris*, and so by *Calais* to *London*.

“ I waited upon the brother of my deceased master with a faithful account of his effects, and informed him how generous my master had been to me; he changed colour at my relation, the death of his brother did not seem to affect him so much

as

as my declaration, that my master had been so beneficent to me. In short, he abused me much, told me that I had taken a large part of his brother's fortune, when in reality none was left me. To this I answered, that I could produce my master's will, which was properly attested; and that I had a friend in *London*, a Gentleman who had been long resident at *Aleppo*, who had cautioned me to be watchful of his dealings. At this instant we heard a violent knocking at the door, at which Mr. *Wimbleton* turned pale; I took advantage of his consternation, and hurried out of the counting house to the street door, and saw my dear friend, with several gentlemen behind him."

"Sir, said I, you are come in time to save me from the designs of Mr. *Wimbleton* and several ill-looking men, who he had beckoned to, and commanded to carry me to prison, as a debtor to him; and charges me with imposition, but I have the will of my master in my pocket.

"Where is Mr. *Wimbleton*, said my friend, is there no servant in the house? and he knocked again. "This Sir, said I, is the counting-house, I left him in it with several men, whom he called officers of justice. My friend then rapped at the door, and was told from within, that Mr. *Wimbleton* saw no Company, nor did any business that day. "Well, answered my friend, I am not much concerned about that, as I have rescued a poor stranger from destruction. We quitted the house, and my friend took me to the 'Change, and declared to every one the usage I had met with.

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But how was I surpris'd to find, that my behaviour, so far from being applauded, was laugh'd at by every one. I shew'd them the will, which being read, cleared all doubt and dispute, and they advis'd me to sue Mr. *Wimbleton* for my legacy."

"Gentlemen, said I, I never wish for more than my own; every man ought to set bounds to his desires, to have more than enough is needless."

"This poor man, said they, has a comical way of talking and thinking, but we may venture to pronounce, that he will never rise in the world. After this I return'd to my lodgings, and began to reflect on the Scene that was pass'd. I was mistaken when I thought that virtue had the same outlines in every community. Traffick is the Prophet of the Europeans, and wealth is their *Alla*. I will, however, remain among them till I have learn'd their sciences. With this resolution, I apply'd myself to the study of those sciences, which are so justly admir'd in the East, and spared neither trouble or time to arrive at the depths of mathematical knowledge. I trac'd, with admiration, the principles of mechanis'm, and saw the regular scale of multiplied power, by which *Archimedes* would have mov'd the earth."

"Having join'd a knowledge of Physick and History to the sciences I was before master of, I began to pant after my native land, but war, which is the bane of science, prevent'd my journey to *Aleppo*. I therefore enter'd as a passenger in one of the company's ships going to the *East Indies*, and arriv'd after a tedious passage, in the Bay of

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*Bengal*.

*Bengal*. In the progress of my voyage I found, that the wonders of the deep are not less magnificent than the rude and enchanting scenery of the majestick mountains; where waves are hurled on waves by contending storms; but he who is certain that his life is never a moment in his own power, will be as calm in the tempest, as when he runs before the breeze."

"I resided some time in *Bengal*, before I could find an opportunity of proceeding to the Mogul's court, where I had resolved to seek for preferment. Being at length arrived there, I made myself known to the *Nabobs* and *Viziers* of the court, and being provided with an intire set of mathematical Instruments, and a portable Apparatus in Philosophy, I was heard with pleasure and admiration. The *Mogul* sent for me to exhibit the amazing effects of my art, he was enraptured at my exhibitions, ordered me apartments in his Palace, and placed the Sultan *Osmir* his son under my tuition."

"My lessons, though designed only for the young prince, were read and admired by the whole court. *Osmir* alone was displeased at them; he read without benefit, he admired vice in all its deformity, and despised the lessons of virtue and goodness; I had the mortification to be preceptor to the most abandon'd of mankind."

"*Aurengzebe* perceived the vicious disposition of his son, and he made no doubt but that he would soon aspire to his throne. This made the prudent monarch take all power from him: he was confined by order of the Mogul, and supposing me  
to



to be the cause of his confinement, he accused me of advising him to seize on the throne of *India*. The pretended confession was carried to the Mogul, and ignominious chains thrown over me."

"In a few days I was taken out of prison, and brought before the Mogul. That Monarch assumed the imperial frown, but I saw the beams of mercy in his eye. He ordered my chains to be taken off, and commanded the slaves to withdraw. When we were alone, I prostrated myself before him. Rise, O *Horam*, said he; I do not believe the accusation against thee. Declare thine own innocence, and I shall be persuaded of the truth.

"O master of the world, said I, I do confess I have often counselled the Prince to aspire to the virtues of truth, wisdom, and justice, the great ornaments of thy throne. Ill-fated *Horam*, continued I, bursting into tears, how are thy endeavours frustrated, and how is the fruit of thy labour blasted."

"Blasted indeed, thou good old man, said *Aurengzebe*, there is but one way left, depart from my court, and I will allow thee a thousand Sequins of gold yearly. But on thy faith declare to me, thou wilt never leave my Empire. I fell prostrate again at his feet, I thanked him for his goodness, and prayed aloud to the great *Alla*, to change the heart of the ill-fated *Osdir*. *Aurengzebe* gave me a ring from his finger, and bid me depart silently in the night to the utmost confines of his Empire."

"I obeyed with chearfulness, and by the assistance of a friend, who took care of me, I travelled

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to the mouth of the *Ganges*, and from thence, by sea, to this settlement of your countrymen."

### HISTORY XLIII.

**T**HE following is a spirited satire on mankind in general, and particularly on persecution for conscience sake.

I was born in Candia in the year 1600. My father was governor of the city; and I remember that a poet of middling parts, and of a most unmusical ear, whose name was Iro, composed some verses in my praise, in which he made me descend from Minos in a direct line; but my father being afterwards disgraced, he wrote some other verses, in which he derived my pedigree from no nobler an origin than the amours of Pasiphaë and her gallant. This Iro was a most mischievous rogue, and one of the most troublesome fellows in the island.

My father sent me at fifteen years of age to prosecute my studies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverse, according to the custom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of very singular character, and one of the most terrible scholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Aristotle; and was just on the point of placing me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly escaped. I saw processions, exorcisms,

orcisms, and some robberies. It was commonly said, but without any foundation, that la Signora Olympia, a lady of great prudence, sold several things that ought not to be sold. I was then of an age to relish all these comical adventures. A young lady of great sweetness of temper, called la Signora Fatelo, thought proper to fall in love with me: she was courted by the reverend father Poignardini, and by the reverend father Aconiti, young monks of an order which is now extinct; and she reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome highly pleased with the Architecture of St. Peter.

I travelled to France: it was during the reign of Lewis the Just. The first question put to me was, whether I chused to breakfast on a slice of the mareschal D'Ancre\*, whose flesh the people had roasted, and distributed with great liberality to such as chused to taste it.

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, sometimes for a place at court, sometimes  
for

(\*) This was the famous Concini, who was murdered on the draw-bridge of the Louvre, by the intrigues of De Luines, not without the knowledge of the king, Lewis XIII. His body, which had been secretly interred in the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, was next day dug up by the populace, who dragged it through the streets, then burned the flesh, and threw the bones into the river. The mareschal's greatest crime was his being a foreigner.

for two pages of theological controversy. This fire, which one while lay concealed under the ashes, and at another burst forth with great violence, had desolated these beautiful provinces for upwards of sixty years. The pretext was, the defending the Gallican church. "Alas! said I, these people are nevertheless born with a gentle disposition: what can have drawn them so far from their natural character? They joke and keep holy days. Happy the time when they shall do nothing but joke!"

I went over to England, where the same disputes occasioned the same barbarities. Some pious Catholics had resolved, for the good of the church, to blow up into the air with gun-powder the king, the royal family, and the whole parliament, and thus to deliver England from all these heretics at once. They shewed me the place where queen Mary of blessed memory, the daughter of Henry VIII. had caused more than five hundred of her subjects to be burnt. An Irish priest assured me, that it was a very good action; first, because those who were burnt were Englishmen; and secondly, because they did not make use of holy water, nor believe in St. Patrick's Hole. He was greatly surprised that queen Mary was not yet canonized; but he hoped she would receive that honour as soon as the cardinal nephew should be a little more at leisure.

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquility among a people of a more cold and phlegmatic constitution. Just as I arrived at the Hague, the people were cutting off the head



head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of the prime minister Barnevelt; a man who deserved better treatment from the republic. Touched with pity at this affecting scene, I asked what was his crime, and whether he had betrayed the state. "He has done much worse," replied a preacher in a black cloak; he believed that men may be saved by good works as well as by faith. You must be sensible, adds he, that if such opinions were to gain ground, a republic could not subsist; and that there must be severe laws to suppress such scandalous and horrid blasphemies." A profound politician said to me with a sigh, "Alas! sir, this happy time will not last long; it is only by chance that the people are so zealous: They are naturally inclined to the abominable doctrine of toleration, and they will certainly at last grant it." This reflection set him a groaning. For my own part, in expectation of that fatal period when moderation and indulgence should take place, I instantly quitted a country where severity was not softened by any lenitive, and embarked for Spain.

The court was then at Seville: the galleons were just arrived; and every thing breathed plenty and gladness, in the most beautiful season of the year. I observed at the end of an alley of orange and citron trees, a kind of large ring, surrounded with steps covered with rich and costly cloth. The king, the queen, the infants, and the infantas, were seated under a superb canopy. Opposite to the royal family was another throne, raised higher than that on which his majesty sat. I said to one of my fellow

fellow travellers, " Unless this throne be reserved for God, I don't see what purpose it can serve."

This unguarded expression was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and cost me dear. Mean while I imagined we were going to a carousal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquisitor appeared in that elevated throne, from whence he blessed the king and the people.

Then came an army of monks, who filed off in pairs, white, black, grey, shod, unshod, bearded, beardless, with pointed cowls, and without cowls: Next followed the hangman; and last of all were seen, in the midst of the guards and grandees, about forty persons clad in sackcloth, on which were painted the figures of flames and devils. Some of these were Jews, who could not be prevailed upon to renounce Moses entirely: others were Christians, who had married women with whom they had stood sponsors to a child, who had not adored our Lady of Atocha; or who had refused to part with their ready money in favour of the Hieronymite brothers. Some pretty prayers were sung with much devotion, and then the criminals were burnt at a slow fire; a ceremony with which the royal family seemed to be greatly edified.

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquisition came to my lodging with a figure of St. Hermidad. They embraced me with great tenderness, and conducted me in solemn silence to a well-aired prison, furnished with a bed of mat, and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for six weeks; at the end of which the  
reverend

reverend father, the Inquisitor sent for me. He pressed me in his arms for some time with the most paternal affection; and told me he was sorry to hear I had been so ill lodged; but that all the apartments of the house were full, and hoped I should be better accommodated the next time. He then asked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reason I was imprisoned; I told the reverend father that it was evidently for my sins. "Very well, says he, my dear child; but for what particular sin? Speak freely." I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not possibly guess. He then charitably dismissed me.

At last I remembered my unguarded expression. I escaped with a little bodily correction, and a fine of thirty thousand reals. I was led to make my obeisance to the grand inquisitor, who was a man of great politeness. He asked me how I liked his little feast: I told him it was a most delicious one; and then went to press my companions to quit the country, beautiful as it was. They had found time to inform themselves of all the great things which the Spaniards had done for the interest of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa, by which it appears that they had massacred, or burnt, or drowned, about ten millions of Infidels in America, in order to convert them. I believe the accounts of the bishop are a little exaggerated; but suppose we reduce the number of victims to five millions, it will still be a most glorious achievement.

The itch of travelling still possessed me. I had

fellow travellers, " Unless this throne be reserved for God, I don't see what purpose it can serve." This unguarded expression was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and cost me dear. Mean while I imagined we were going to a carousal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquisitor appeared in that elevated throne, from whence he blessed the king and the people.

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proposed to finish the tour of Europe with Turkey; and thither we now directed our course. I put on a firm resolution not to give my opinion of the public feasts I might see for the future. "These Turks, said I to my companions, are a set of miscreants that have not been baptized, and of consequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers the inquisitors. Let us observe a profound silence while we are among the mahometans."

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly surprised to see more Christian churches in Turkey than in Candia. I even saw some numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. "What good-natured people are these Turks," cried I. The Greek Christians, and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies. These slaves persecuted each other in much the same manner as dogs fight in the streets, till their masters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek Patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred sequins. Next day the grand vizier was strangled. The day following his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month after, condemned me to suffer the same punishment, for having supped with the Greek patriarch. Thus I  
was

was reduced to the sad necessity of absenting myself entirely from the Greek and Latin churches.

On my arrival at Ispahan, the people asked me whether I was for white or black mutton; I told them it was a matter of indifference to me, provided it was tender. It must be observed that the Persian empire was at that time split into two factions, that of the white mutton and that of the black. The two parties imagined that I made a jest of them both; so that I found myself engaged in a very troublesome affair at the gates of the city, and it cost me a great number of sequins to get rid of the white and the black mutton.

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who assured me that his country was the seat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themselves masters of it, after having destroyed every thing with fire and sword. The reverend fathers the jesuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many souls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were seen such zealous convertors; they alternately persecuted one another: they transmitted to Rome whole volumes of slander, and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the sake of one soul. But the most violent dispute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jesuits would have the Chinese to salute their parents, after the fashion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the fashion of Rome. I happened

pened unluckily to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican. They represented me to his Tartarian Majesty as a spy of the pope. The supreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who commanded four sires of the country, to seize me and bind me with great ceremony. In this manner I was conducted before his majesty, after having made about a hundred and forty genuflexions. He asked me if I was a spy of the pope's, and if it was true that that prince was to come in person to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a priest of seventy years of age; that he lived at the distance of four thousand leagues from his sacred Tartaro-chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majesty might sleep in perfect security. Of all the adventures of my life this was the least fatal. I was sent to Macao, and there I took shipping for Europe.

My ship required to be refitted on the coast of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to visit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom such wonderful things have been told, and which was then in Dehli. I had the pleasure to see him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celestial present sent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the besom with which they had swept the holy house, the Caaba. and the Beth Alla. It is a symbol that sweeps away all the pollutions of the soul. Aureng-Zeb seemed to have no need of it: he was the most pious man in all Indostan.

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It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poisoned his father. Twenty Rayas, and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his sacred Majesty Muley Ismael, the most serene emperor of Morocco, who cut off some heads every Friday after prayers.

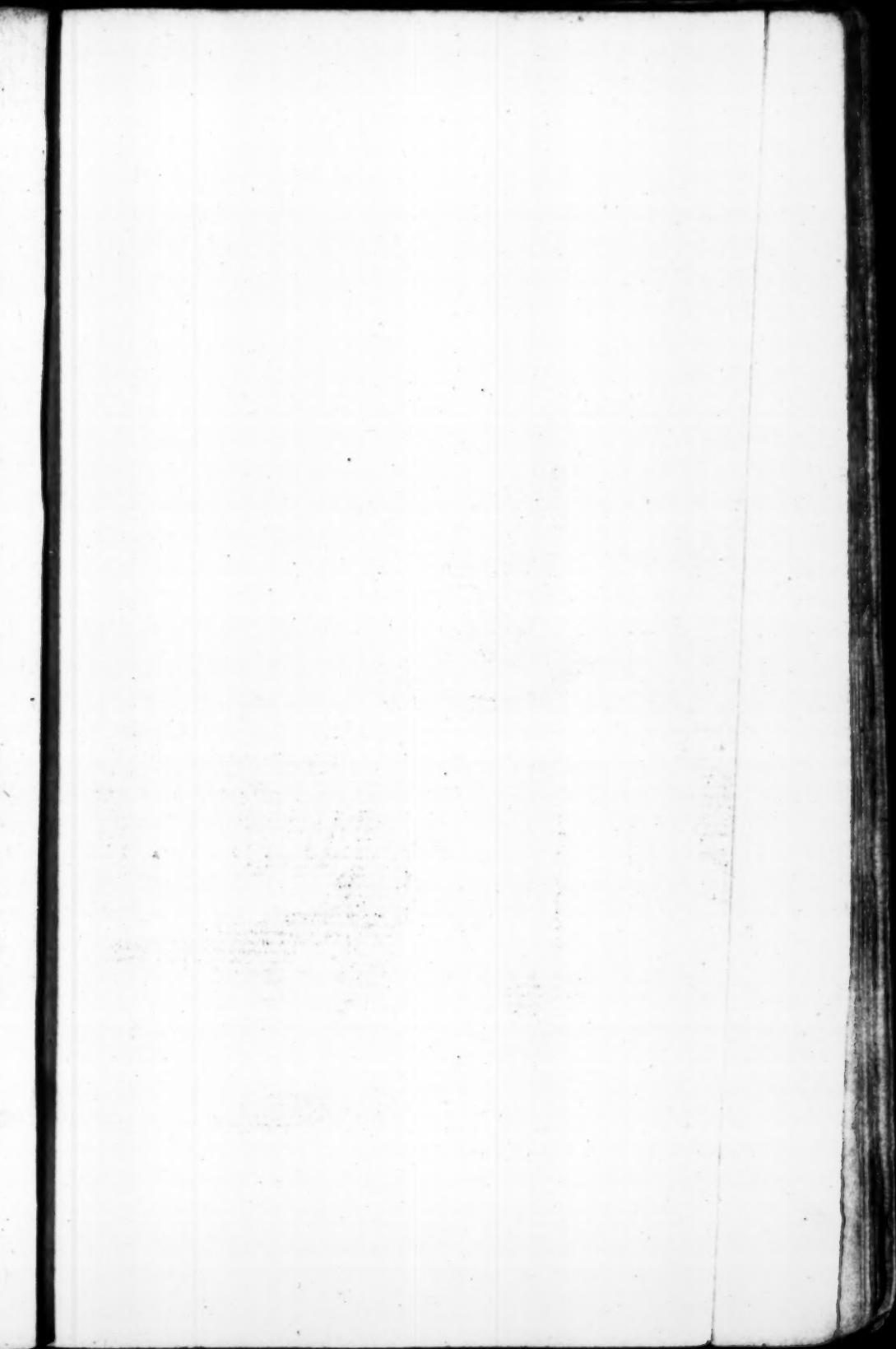
I spoke not a word. My travels had taught me wisdom. I was sensible that it did not belong to me to decide between these august sovereigns. A young Frenchman, indeed, a fellow lodger of mine, was wanting in respect to the emperor of the Indies, and to that of Morocco. He happened to say very imprudently, that there were sovereigns in Europe, who governed their dominions with great equity, and even went to church without killing their fathers or brothers, or cutting off the heads of their subjects. This impious discourse of my young friend, our interpreter transmitted to Indou. Instructed by former experience, I instantly caused my camels to be saddled, and set out with my Frenchman. I was afterwards informed, that, that very night the officers of the great Aurenge-Zeb, having come to seize me, found only the interpreter, who was executed in public; and all the courtiers declared without flattery that his punishment was extremely just.

I had now only Africa to visit, in order to enjoy all the pleasures of our continent; and thither I went in reality. The ship in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corsairs. The master of  
the

the vessel complained loudly, and asked why they thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the negroes replied; " You have a long nose and we have a short one: your hair is strait and ours is curled: your skin is ash-coloured and ours is of the colour of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guiney like beasts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner whenever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to manure our fields, or in case of refusal cut off your nose and ears."

To such a learned discourse it was impossible to make any answer. I went to labour in the ground of an old female Negro, in order to save my nose and ears. After continuing in slavery for a whole year, I was at last ransomed. I had now seen all that was rare, good, or beautiful on earth. I resolved for the future to see nothing but my own home, I took a wife, and was cuckolded; and found that of all conditions of life this was the happiest.

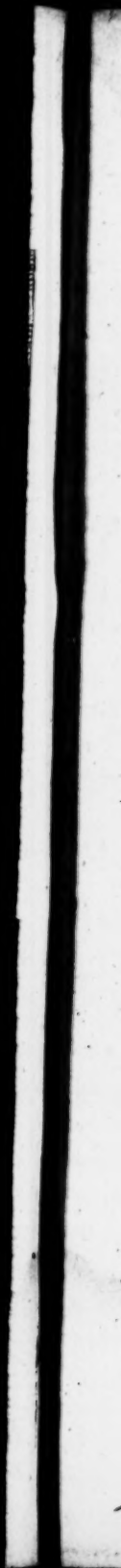
HISTORY











## HISTORY XLIV.

**H**IGH upon a rock, impending o'er the sea,  
 whose frothy billows wash'd its rugged sides,  
 and underneath its arched roof the vessels swiftly  
 sail; the aged *Asen* fix'd his lonely mansion. A  
 narrow cavern, scoop'd from out the rock, receiv'd  
 his rusby couch, and on its top, he rear'd a wood-  
 en temple. Here, when winter's stormy blasts were  
 gone, and the returning summer came with glad-  
 dening smiles; he rang'd his listening pupils round,  
 and grafted on their minds, the principles of virtue.

The neighbouring youth in crouds resort, at the  
 rising of the sun to hear the instructions of his  
 mouth. Hearken, ye tender branches to your pa-  
 rent, bend to the lessons of instruction, and im-  
 bibe the maxims of age and experience. --- As the  
 pismire creeps not to his labour, till led by its  
 elders; as the young eagle soars not to the sun,  
 but under the shadow of its mother's wing; so  
 neither doth the child of mortality spring forth to  
 action, unless the parent hand point out its destin'd  
 labour.

Base are the voluptuous desires of the flesh, and  
 mean the pursuits of the sons of pleasure! They  
 stretch out their sinews like the patient mule, they  
 pursue in the chase after trifles, as the camel in  
 the desert. As the leopard springs on his prey, so  
 doth man rejoice over his riches, and basks in the  
 sun of slothfulness like the lion's cub. On the  
 stream of life float the bodies of the careless and  
 intemperate,

intemperate, as the carcases of the dead on the waves of *Tygris*. The vultures of the sky destroy the carcase, and man is devoured by the sins of his flesh. No man is master of himself, but the publick is lord over him, and to endeavour to defeat the purposes of Heaven is madness and folly.

Hearken my children, to the lessons of humanity from the lips of experience, and learn from the failings, or virtues of others, to guide your steps aright through the vallies of life. The slaves to evil, toil, and earn nothing, they poison the comfort of others, and are hated among the sons of men. *Alla* hath made the day for labour and care, and the night for peace; all his works are wonderful and good. We must worship him in truth and humility, not to mistake the creature for the Creator, nor to leave the duties of our respective stations unfulfilled, to follow after an idle phantom, much less, to mix hypocrisy with devotion, and to offend him in order to deceive mankind.

Be moderate in your desires of earthly enjoyments, nor let the insatiable spirit of avarice lead you astray.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with the flocks and herds panting around them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature



ture advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the genius of distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa; "Fly  
 " not from your benefactor, children of the dust!  
 " I am come to offer you gifts, which only your  
 " own folly can make vain. You here pray for  
 " water, and water I will bestow; let me know  
 " with how much you will be satisfied: Speak not  
 " rashly; consider, that of whatever can be en-  
 " joyed by thy body, excess is no less dangerous  
 " than scarcity. When you remember the pain of  
 " thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation.  
 " Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

" O being, kind and beneficent, (says Hamet)  
 " let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a  
 " little brook, which in summer shall never be dry,  
 " and in winter never overflow." "It is granted,"  
 replies the genius; and immediately he opened the  
 ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up  
 under their feet scattered its rills over the meadows;  
 the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread  
 a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched  
 their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the genius invited him  
 likewise to offer his petition. "I request, says  
 " Raschid, that thou wilt turn the Ganges through  
 " my grounds, with all his waters, and all their  
 H h " inhabitants."

“inhabitants.” Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour’s sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart that he had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke, “Rash man, be not insatiable! Remember, to thee, that “is nothing which thou canst not use; and how “are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?” Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.



POETICAL

## POETICAL PIECES.

The CAMELION: A *Fable*.

**O**FT has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,  
 Yet round the world the blade has been  
 To see whatever could be seen,  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times pertier than before;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:  
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow ---  
 " I've seen --- and sure I ought to know" ---  
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast;  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,  
 And on their way in friendly chat  
 Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
 Discours'd awhile 'mongst other matter,  
 Of the Camelion's form and nature,  
 " A stranger animal, cries one,  
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the Sun.

" A

" A lizard's body lean and long,  
 " A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
 " Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;  
 " And what a length of tail behind!  
 " How slow its pace, and then its hue ---  
 " Who ever saw so fine a blue!"  
 " Hold there, the other quick replies,  
 " 'Tis green---I saw it with these eyes,  
 " As late with open mouth it lay,  
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
 " And saw it eat the air for food."  
 " I've seen it. Sir, as well as you,  
 " And must again affirm it blue.  
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd  
 " Extended in the cooling shade."  
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye---  
 " Green! cries the other in a fury---  
 " Why, Sir---d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"  
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,  
 " For, if they always serve you thus,  
 " You'll find them but of little use."  
 So high at last the contest rose,  
 From words they almost came to blows:  
 When luckily came by a third---  
 To him the question they referr'd,  
 And beg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew,  
 Whether the thing was green or blue.  
 " Sirs, cries the umpire, cease your pother---  
 " The creature's neither one nor t'other.  
 " I caught the animal last night,  
 " And view'd it o'er by candle-light:

" I



" I mark'd it well---'twas black as jet---  
 " You stare---but Sirs, I've got it yet,  
 " And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do:  
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."  
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
 " Well then, at once to ease the doubt,  
 " Replies the man, I'll turn him out:  
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,  
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
 He said; then full before their fight  
 Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white---  
 Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous wise---  
 " My children," the Camelion cries,  
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)  
 " You all are right, and all are wrong.  
 " When next you talk of what you view,  
 " Think others see, as well as you;  
 " Nor wonder, if you find that none  
 " Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

### The W I S H.

**H**OW short is life's uncertain space!  
 Alas! how quickly done!  
 How swift the wild precarious chace!  
 And yet how difficult the race!  
 How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears  
 To Wisdom's prudent voice;  
 'Till now arriv'd to riper years,  
 Experienc'd age worn out with cares  
 Repents its earlier choice.

What

What though its prospects now appear  
 So pleasing and refin'd;  
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,  
 By turns the busy moments share,  
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat  
 With hopes of real bliss;  
 Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate  
 The only wish that I create,  
 Is all compriz'd in this.

May I through life's uncertain tide,  
 Be still from pain exempt;  
 May all my wants be still supply'd,  
 My state too low t' admit of pride,  
 And yet above contempt.

But should your providence divine  
 A greater bliss intend;  
 May all those blessings you design,  
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)  
 Be center'd in a friend!

# EDWIN AND EMMA.

**F**AR in the windings of a vale,  
 Fast by a sheltering wood,  
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,  
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair  
 Beneath a mother's eye;

Whose

Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek:  
Such orient colours smile through heaven,  
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains:  
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,  
To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul devoid of art;  
And from whose eye, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;  
Was quickly too reveal'd:  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish  
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

-His

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,  
 Like her in mischief joy'd,  
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,  
 Each darker art employ'd.

The Father too, a sordid man,  
 Who love nor pity knew,  
 Was all unfeeling as the clod  
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
 And seen it long unmov'd:  
 Then with a father's frown at last  
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war  
 Of differing passions strove:  
 His heart, that durst not disobey,  
 Yet cou'd not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
 The spreading hawthorn crept,  
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,  
 Beneath the moon-light shade,  
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 A deadly pale o'ercast:  
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
 Before the northern blast.

The



The parents now, with late remorse,  
 Hung o'er his dying-bed;  
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,  
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd---but if your souls  
 Sweet mercy yet can move,  
 Let these dim eyes once more behold  
 What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
 And bath'd with many a tear:  
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
 So morning dew's appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,  
 A cruel sister she!  
 Forbade what Emma came to say;  
 "My Edwin live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
 The church-yard path along,  
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
 Her startling fancy found  
 In every bush his hovering shade,  
 His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she past  
 The visionary vale---  
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
 Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,  
 Her aged mother's door:  
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see  
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
 Beat high against my side---  
 From her white arm down sunk her head,  
 She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

### The HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

**D**ARK was the night, and wild the storm,  
 And loud the torrent's roar;  
 And loud the sea was heard to dash  
 Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,  
 The lonely hermit lay;  
 When, lo! he heard a female voice  
 Lament in fore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,  
 And wak'd his sleeping fire;  
 And snatching up a lighted brand,  
 Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree  
 A beauteous maid he found,  
 Who beat her breast, and with her tears  
 Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O! weep not lady, weep not so;  
 Nor let vain fears alarm;

M,





*Hermit of*





of *Warkworth?*



My little cell shall shelter thee,  
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,  
Nor for myself I fear;  
But for my dear and only friend,  
Who lately left me here;

And while some sheltering bower he sought  
Within this lonely wood,  
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet  
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,  
And to my cell repair;  
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,  
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,  
He scales the cliff so high;  
And calls aloud, and waves his light  
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds  
With careful steps and slow:  
At length a voice return'd his call,  
Quick answering from below:

O! tell me, father, tell me true,  
If you have chanc'd to see  
A gentle maid, I lately left  
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

But either I have lost the place,  
Or she hath gone astray:

And

And much I fear this fatal stream  
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;  
The lady's safe and well:  
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,  
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends  
They lov'd each other dear:  
The youth he press'd her to his heart;  
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,  
Beheld so sweet a pair;  
The youth was tall, with manly bloom;  
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,  
With bugle horn so bright:  
She in a filken robe and scarf  
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage;  
Sweet rest your limbs require:  
Then heaps fresh fewel on the hearth,  
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,  
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;  
And spreading all upon the board,  
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks,



Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;  
 The youthful couple say:  
 Then freely ate, and made good chear,  
 And talk'd their cares away.

Now tell me, father, said the youth,  
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue)  
 What town is here? What lands are these?  
 And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the hermit said,  
 Why do I live to say,  
 The rightful lord of these domains  
 Is banish'd far away:

Ten winters now have shed their snows  
 On this my lowly hall,  
 Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North  
 Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINBROKE  
 Led up his northern powers,  
 And stoutly fighting lost his life  
 Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,  
 His country's hope and heir;  
 And, oh! to save him from his foes  
 It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child  
 Beyond the reach of strife,  
 Nor long before the brave old Earl  
 At Bramham lost his life.

And

And now the PERCY name, so long  
 Our northern pride and boast;  
 Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;  
 Their honours rest and lost.

O might I with these aged eyes  
 But live to see him here,  
 Then should my soul depart in bliss!  
 He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd  
 Of all his friends and thee?  
 Then bless me, father, said the youth,  
 For I thy guest am He.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside  
 To wipe the tears he shed;  
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,  
 Pour'd blessings on his head.

Welcome our dear and much-lov'd lord,  
 Thy country's hope and care:  
 But who may this young lady be,  
 That is so wonderful fair?

Now, father, listen to my tale,  
 And thou shalt know the truth:  
 And let thy sage advice direct  
 My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred  
 Beneath the Regent's hand,  
 In feats of arms, and every lore,  
 To fit me for command.

With

With fond impatience long I burn'd  
 My native land to see;  
 At length I won my guardian friend,  
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb  
 I wandered as in chace,  
 Till in the noble NEVILLE's house  
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,  
 Till I'd the hap so rare,  
 To please this young and gentle dame,  
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,  
 The truth I must reveal;  
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,  
 Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,  
 Led by the fragrant breeze,  
 I wandered forth to take the air  
 Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,  
 That near in ambush lay,  
 Moss-troopers from the border-side,  
 There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,  
 But heaven, that saw my grief,  
 Brought this brave youth within my call,  
 Who flew to my relief.

With

With nothing but his hunting spear,  
 And dagger in his hand,  
 He sprung like light'ning on my foes,  
 And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came;  
 The Scots were overthrown;  
 Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,  
 To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:  
 Blest were the wounds I bare!  
 From that fond hour the deign'd to smile,  
 And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,  
 She vowed to be my bride;  
 But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)  
 Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty BOLINBROKE,  
 Our house's ancient foe,  
 To me I thought a banish'd wight  
 Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent;  
 At length to fly with me  
 I won this lovely timorous maid;  
 To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,  
 Fearing we were pursu'd,

We

We turn'd adown the right-hand path,  
And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary steeds  
To shun the pelting shower,  
We met thy kind conducting hand,  
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;  
Awhile your cares forego:  
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed;  
----- We'll pass the night below.

ALLEN and ELLA.

ON the banks of that chrystalline stream  
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;  
And charms, more than poets can dream,  
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys,

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng  
The fairest that nature had seen,  
Now, drew every village along,  
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond power,  
For short is the triumph, ye fair!  
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;  
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,  
By riches endeavours to prove!

K k

But



But Ella still cries, what is gold,  
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield  
Our sickles in summer's bright day;  
Together we'll leave o'er the field,  
And smile all our labours away:

In winter I'll winnow the wheat  
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;  
That flail will be music as sweet  
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss!  
How oft would he call her his maid!  
And Allen would seal with a kiss  
Every promise and vow that he said.

But, hark! o'er the grass-level land,  
The village bells sound on the plain;  
False Allen this morn gave his hand,  
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale!  
Too soon the sad cause she was told!  
That his was a nymph of the vale:  
That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,  
Which befringes the sweet river's side,  
How oft' was she languishing seen!  
How oft' would she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she sat,  
Which reflected herself and the mead;  
Awhile! she bewept her sad fate,  
And the green turf, still pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I see?  
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!  
Ah! no, 'tis some Ella, like me,  
Some hapless young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;  
Like me! she has, fondly, believ'd;  
Like me! her true promise she kept,  
And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!  
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!  
I come! and we'll gather relief  
From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,  
And wept out the day in despair!  
Like you! I have banish'd delight,  
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows! so lovely, farewell,  
Your velvet, still, Allen shall tread!  
All deaf to the sound of that knell  
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure! be obey'd;  
Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan!  
Soon, soon! shall poor Ella be laid  
Where her heart shall be cold as your own.  
Then,

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,  
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate:  
 As, together, ye draw the free air,  
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,  
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!  
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,  
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;  
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream;  
 Tears! are lost in that watery plain;  
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed:  
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,  
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew;  
 There wonder how man cou'd deceive  
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands of every flower,  
 (Which Ella herself shou'd have made)  
 They raise up a short-living bower;  
 And, sighing! cry, "Peace to her shade."

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move  
 The green-platting hillock around;

They

They talk of poor Ella, and love;  
And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish! they had never been born,  
Or liv'd the sad moment to view!  
When her Allen could thus be forsworn,  
And his Ella could still be so true.

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